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Bellefonte Republican.

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VOL. XXIII BELLEFONTE, PA., THURSDAY MORNING. AUGUST 4, 1892. NO. 30

Republican National Ticket.

FOR PRESIDENT,
BENJIMAN HARRISON,
OF INDIANA.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,
WHITELAW REID,
OF NEW YORK.

Republican State Ticket

JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT,
JOHN DEAN. (of Blair.)

CONGRESSMEN-AT-FARGE,
ALEXANDER McDOWELL,
of Mercer,
WILLIAM LILLY, (of Carbon.)

ELECTORS-AT-LARGE.

WILLIAM WOOD, (of Philadelphia.)
B. F. JONES, (of Allegheny.)
J. FRANCIS DUNLAP, (of Lancaster.)
WILLIAM H. SAWYER, (of Delaware)

Up to date the "reformers" have not volunteered any explanation for the wholesale reductions in wages made by the great mining corporation of which Adlai E. Stevenson, tail end of the Free-Trade ticket, is president.

There is really no great difference between the positions of the Confederates of 30 years ago and the Democrats of to-day. The Confederates wanted Free-Trade and slave labor, the Democrats stand for Free-Trade and pauper labor.

Value of the imports of Barley, May 1892, $37,877. Value of the imports of barley, May 1890, $264,752. Value of the barley duty to American farmers during the month of May, 1892, $226,875. No wonder the farmer votes for Protection.

CHEESE PARER Holman's latest suffering is caused by the demand from the people that the nessary assistance shall be given the World's Fair to insure its success. The House shows a disposition to sympathize with Holman, having refused to concur in the Senate appropriation of $5,000,000, for that purpose.

IT is said that D. B. Hill contemplates resigning as senator from New York, because whether Cleveland or Harrison is elected, he will have no official patronage to dispense. He might arrange to have himself appointed first assistant postmaster-general. Candidate Adlai Stevenson can tell him how much fun that is.

The citizens of Paterson, New Jersey, celebrated the 100th anniversary of the founding of the city on July 4. Paterson was founded by Alexander Hamilton and others, members of a society for the establishment of useful industries in the States. To-day it is the greatest silk manufacturing city in the country, a lasting witness to the beneficence of the American policy of Protection and the wisdom and patriotism of the man who first explained that policy to his countrymen.

Two years from now the whole country will be glorying in the success of the World's Fair, and the whole world will pay tribute to the energy and enterprise of the American people in planning it and carrying it to a successful culmination By that time Bro. Holman and the Democratic party will be convinced that they had offered every support and encouragement to the great exposition but now is the time for the American people to take note of the fact that it is the Democratic house that has refused the aid to the World's Fair.

WHEN the Bland silver bill first came before Congress, D. B. Hill's man Rockwell had his contest pending for Congressman Noye's seat. In order to secure the votes of free silver men for his contest, he voted for free silver, and the Southern Democrats ousted Congressman Noyes, who had been fairly and justly elected, and, at the command of Hill, seated Rockwell. The other day when the silver bill came up in the house again, for its final chance, Reckwell voted against it. The Southern Democrats are thus justly disappointed for juggling with the title to a seat in Congress.

DEMOCRATS weep over "the burdens of taxation" that are put upon the people, but they have never accomplished the removal of any of these burdens. The promise of the Republican party is, if the burden is specified and pointed out (which the Democrat shouters cannot do), to remove the burden if it lies within the authority of the government to do it. The people are showing ample capacity to learn that the alleged burdens that the Democrat shout do not, in fact, rest upon the people. The people have insight to perceive that the burdens that afflict them are not those due to a protective tariff

WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our Regular Correspondent.

WASHINGTON AUG. 2, '92.

The Democrats of the House are in a wrangle, owing to Watson, of Georgia, Peoples Party having charged in a campaign book he has written that democratic members have reeled around the floor of the House, drunk, and made maudlin speeches on public business when they had to stop in the middle of a sentence and ask; "Mr. Speaker where am I at." The charge made the democrats very mad, and they at once passed a resolution for an immediate investigation of the charge by a special committee, and it did not ease their lacerated feellings at all when Mr. Watson produced the following members of the House before the committee, and they unanimously sustained the charge: Otis, White, Halverson, Davis, Butler, Shell, Clover, Baker and Kem In addition to these Miss Bessie Dwyer testified to seeing one member drunk while making a speech on the floor. The committee has not reported, but democrats already regret that the investigation was started.

The democrats are still fillibustering against the World's Fair appropriation in the House, and, as last year's Sundry civil appropriation had only been extended to Saturday, the Government Printing Office shut down Saturday night at 12 o'clock, and no work can be done there until the new bill becomes a law or a joint resolution extending the old one is passed and signed by the President the Senate passed a resolution Saturday extending the old appropriation to August 4, but when it was attempted to get it through the House there was opjections. Republican Senators are firm as rocks in insisting that no adjournment shall take place until the Sundry civil bill, with the World's Fair appropriation amendment shall pass the House, and it is expected that the fillibusterers will be knocked out within the first half of this week.

Representative Oates of Alabama, and his democratic associates on the House sub-committee, which so precipitately rushed off to Homestead, acting under a House resolution adopted months before, expecting to obtain evidence that would crush the protective tariff, are now playing cowards. All of the evidence taken by the committee, having any bearing whatever on the tariff, having been decidedly favorable to protection, the commit tee has decided not to make any report until the next session of Congress, on the professed ground of wishing to continue the investigation during the recess. It was known from the first that the commit tee proposed continuing its investigation during the recess; but its chairman, Mr Oates, announced with a great flourish of trumpets, when he expected to make a big haul of democratic campaign material, that a preliminary report would be presented at once to the House, and the only reason the programme has been changed is that no honest report can be made without directly or indirectly endorsing the protective tariff and condemning free trade.

Senator Proctor, says he regards strikes as an evidence of prosperity, because they would not occur if there was not a great demand for labor. The same Senator says that wages of all kinds would be reduced at least one half in this country if the democratic national platform's declaration for free trade is ever carried out.

Representative Funston, of Kansas, made a telling hit in preparing the minority report of the House committee on agriculture, when he said that "the fact that the democrats in the House, having a majority over the republicans of 153, are to adjourn without having made any effort to repeal the Mckinley tariff law should settle the question as to whether or not in the opinion of the majority of the House, the law is wrong and oppressive. That the agriculturist is having a hard time no one will dispute, but we cannot however look back to any better times, nor to so good, excepting, of course war times. "The report also directs attention to the decrease in the cost of living since the Mckinley law went into effect, and asserts that there is not one single article on the list of American goods that is not cheaper to-day under a protective tariff than it was under the free trade of 1860.

Ex Speaker Reed says the battle cry of the democrats this year is; "The Prophet and the ballot box--both stuffed." This epigramatic summary of the opposition has already caught the town, and it will probably catch the country during the rest of the campaign.

The President is suffering, like every one else in Washington, from the heat of the past week, which exceeded that of any other week since an official record of the weather has been kept. As soon as Congress adjourns the President will join Mrs. Harrison at Loon Lake, remaining there until about the last of September when he will take up his residence at his Cape May Point cottage, where his executive work will go on just the same as if he was at the White House.

IN CHARLES STREET PRISON BOSTON MASSACHUSETTS.

Several years ago there was a woman in Bellefonte by the name of Peck who lived near the Spring. Her house was raided one night by the police who found that she had a very disorderly place. She disappeared from town and little has been heard from her since. A dispatch in the city papers speaks of a woman arrested in Boston who claimed to have property in Bellefonte. The claim will not hold but is she the woman that lived near the spring many years ago?

The following is the account of her arrest in Boston:

BOSTON, July 27—A women giving the name of E. Eliza Knight, of Brooklyn, and Sprakill on the Hudson, now in Charles St. jail, and said to be the only women arrested in Massachusetts by mesne process, has been identified by the police as Ellen E. Peck, well known to the police in New York and other cities,

It is claimed that she has been engaged in questionable transactions in real estate equities. It is charged that by certain representations she secured $1,200 on the equity of a house in Newberry street, on which there were two mortgages. She is said to have made representations to the lender that she owned a large property in the Pennsylvania coal regions in Bellefonte but he found she had no equity in them. Believing that she was about to leave the state he caused her arrest.

The statues provide that no woman shall be arrested on civil process "except for tort," but the plaintiff was able to make out ground for an action of tort, and "Miss Knight" was taken to jail. The case, which comes up to-morrow, is of much interest to lawyers and real estate men, to whom it is an open question whether mesne process and action of tort will lie in cases where they are to be used simply to enforce civil contract contained in a mortgage secured by real estate.

American Protectionists often reason extremely ill; but it is an injustice to them to suppose that their Protectionists' creed rests upon nothing superior to an economic blunder; many of them have been led to it much more by consideration for the higher interests of humanity than by purely economic reasons. They, and Mr. Carey at their head, deem it a necessary condition of human improvement that towns should abound; that men should combine their labor, by means of interchange, with near neighbors—with people of pursuits, capacities and mental cultivation different from their own, sufficiently close at hand for mutual sharpening or wits and enlarging of ideas—rather than with people on the opposite side of the globe. They believe that a nation all engage in the same or nearly the same pursuit—A nation all agricultural—cannot attain a high state of civilization and culture. And for this there is a great foundation of reason—*John Stuart Mill.*

EX-GOVERNOR BEAVER was among the first to take up the popular agitation for good country roads, and he made it the subject of an executive message. He writes an article on "Why We Have so Few Good Roads" in the August Forum, following the articles on the same subject in recent numbers by Issac B. Potter and Col. Albert A. Pope. He says, and rightly, too, that it is the long and deeprooted habit and unwillingness to pay a direct sufficient road tax that is the primary cause of our national disgrace in having so few goods highways; and the remedy lies in such an agitation as is happily now going on in most States for a keener public appreciation of the direct commercial benefits of well-built roads.—Huntingdon *Local News.*

DEMOCRATS in public life feel as much confidence in President Harrison's wisdom and patriotism as do Republicans. The bill according the President power to levy retaliatory canal passed both houses without a single dissent from any Democrat, although Representative Turner (Dem., Ga) pointedly called attention to the fact that the power conferred on the President is exactly similar to that in the reciprocity clause of the McKinley law. Democrats know that this large discretionary power is safe in president Harrison's hands.

"We are for the Protection that protects and the reciprocity that reciprocates," said chairman Wilson at Chicago. This speech was delivered under the idea that the convention would adopt the Tariff for revenue only plank, Mr. Wilson will have to revise his speech on the lines of "We are for the Free-Trades as is Free. Trade."

DOUBTFUL STATES.

It is necessary to make a new category of doubtful States. For nearly twenty years the political status of the States of the Union has been nearly constant and reasonably certain. The South has been solidly Democratic. New England, except Connecticut, has been solidly and certainly Republican. The Middle States were all certain but New York and all but New Jersey Republican. All the West except Indiana, was sure to vote for a Republican candidate for President. There were only these three doubtful States, to which Montana has recently been added. The electoral votes of all the others could be counted as well before electon as after. That made the Presidential campaign and election a comparatively simple matter.

It is not so simple this year. Two new groups of doubtful States have been carved out of the very heart of the old party strongholds. Influences have been at work to create other centers of uncertainty, but they appear to have failed. The strength of the People's Party movement, which neither party took the trouble to conciliate, creates doubt in one region of the Republican West and in another of the Democratic South. Different counsels at Chicago might have made Massachusetts and Rhode Island doubtful in New England and Colorado and Nevada in the West. But the Democrats can hardly expect to carry Massachusetts and Rhode Island on a revenue-tariff platform, and the silver people in the West are not likely to take a course which would aid in throwing the election into the House and in making Cleveland President. The only really new doubtful States are those effected by the Farmer's Alliance craze.

These lie in two widely separated groups. The People's Party carried two Western States in 1890, and showed such strength in two others as to make it very formidable in fusion with the Democrats. In Kansas it elected five of the seven Representatives in Congress, secured an overwhelming majority in the Legislature, and sent William A. Peffer to the United States Senate in place of John J. Ingalls. In Nebraska it carried two of the three Congressional districts, won majorities in both branches of the State Legislature and fell only a few hundred votes short of electing their Governor. The farmers did not get a majority of the Legislature in Minnesota, but they elected 12 Senators and 30 Representatives. They also returned one of the five Congressmen. In South Dakota they carried the Legislature and chose James H. Kyle to the United States Senate by coalition with the Democrats. A movement for fusion with the Democrats is already on foot in Minnesota The Democrats have probably made sure of four electoral votes in Michigan, and may get others by fusion with the third party. There are conditions in Wisconsin which afford some ground for Democratic hopes there. A Legislature is to be elected, and the Democrats are making every effort to keep alive the school issue upon which they carried last, believing that religious bitterness will give them the Legislature again, and hoping that the electoral ticket will go with it. In all these States, casting about 50 electoral votes, there are elements of doubt that have not existed for many years before.

But there are at least as many electoral votes in the Democratic South equally doubtful. The Peoples's Party is in more complete control of South Carolina than of any State in the West, and is in formidable strength in North Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Arkansas and Louisiana. There are other elements of doubt in the Virginias which affect Georgia and Alabama as well. Strong protective sentiment is growing up in all these States which nearly gave West Virginia to the Republicans four years ago. The free trade plank of the Chicago platform will strengthen this tendency, and may give the votes of some border States, in which fear of negro rules is less active than in the extreme South, to Harrison. There is certainly as much probability of Democratic loss in the South as of Republican loss in the West. The elements of the Presidential problem are shifted, without making much change in the balance of probabilities.

HIGH TAXES.

We have heard a great deal of scolding about high taxes in Centre county but read the following about our unfortunate neighbors in Huntingdon Co:

The commissioners of Huntingdon county have issued a statement showing that when they went into office the actual debt of the county was $158,000, and the total valuation taxable $5,604,778 showing a debt $46,000 above the constitutional limit. To meet this unpleasant state of affairs, as well as to comply with an order of court, they this year raised the valuation from 5 to 25 per cent. all over the county and levied a tax of 10 mills to meet the ordinary expenses, and 5 mills to pay interest and debt.

Just think of it, raise the valuation and put on a tax of fifteen mills. The republicans in Centre county when they were in power laid a tax of only two and one half mills while the democratic county goverment lay only a tax of three mills. Our neighbors had better send their officials over here to take a few lessons in financering.

HOMESTEAD AS A GREAT DEMOCRATIC JOURNALIST SEES IT.

We earnestly commend to our ranting contemporaries of the Democratic press the following editorial from the greatest Democratic paper of them all, Mr. Chas. A. Dana's New York *Sun*, of the 11th inst:

NOT A QUESTION OF POLICY.

We regret to notice that some of our Democratic contemporaries are treating the Homestead incident in a partisan fashion, for which there is no excuse. They assume that because Mr. Andrew Carnegie and his associates at Homestead have been engaged in an industry protected by the Tariff, and because a dispute as to wages has arisen between the employers and employed, Protection is responsible for the Homestead murders and mischief. In Congress, too, certain persons who suppose themselves to be democratic have insisted upon this view.

If strikers were never heard of in unprotected industries, if, in fact, the greatest strikes in the country had not occured in unprotected industries like the steam railroads and the horse railroads, if Free-Trade England were not a country of strikes, and if all these facts were not known to everybody with education enough to read large print, these assumptions might be worth contradicting. As the case is, they are so far-fetched and wildly absurd that we fear they will bring discredit upon the Democrats in the national campaign.

This is not a question of partisan politics; it is deeper than that, for it goes to the very heart of social order and the preservation of all that has been won for civilization. The Democratic politicians and the newspapers that are trying to obscure the real question are doing all in their power to injure the Democratic party.

On grave questions of national import *The Sun* is usually right, at it was right during the Behring Sea and Chilian controversies. Its sterling American patriotism always overshadows its otherwise rapid partisanship. It adheres to the Democracy of Jefferson and Jackson. That is the difference between it and most other Democratic papers.

BALANCE OF TRADE.

A balance of trade in our favor means a balance of profit in the pockets of the people.

It means that we are creditors instead of debtors, that foreign nations owe us money or goods instead of our country being in debt to foreign nations.

Free-Trade "professors" pretend to sneer at a balance to trade and say it represents no wealth.

Yet those very Free-Trade "professors" would far rather sell their text books to English students and get back good British gold in return than use up their salaries in buying English books without selling anything of their own.

A balance of trade is an index of a country's business, of its purchases and sales, of its profits or losses.

If it be profitable for an individual to sell more than he buys and thus have a balance of money--virtually a private balance of trade—in his favor, why is it not just as profitable for a nation?

A balance of trade may be paid in money or in goods and services. Either mode of payment inures to the profit of the country in whose favor the balance exists.

If the payment be in goods or service, then the debtor nation must bestir itself to send these goods, whether of its own or of foreign productions, or perform those services. As a consequence, we get more goods for less money than we could get were there no favorable balance.

The beneficial effect of a payment in cash need not be explained. Money, it is true, is not consumable, it cannot be eaten or worn, but it has a far more important function. Money is the life of trade. Where money is plenty business is active and enterprise awake. Where money is "tight" industry stagnates.

So our country should welcome a favorable balance of trade, and it should welcome the American policy of Protection, the only policy that has given us a favorable balance in the past or will give it in the future.

Either tin plate is produced in this country or it is not. If it is not, then the tinplate duty is a revenue duty, exactly such a one as the Democratic platform advocates. If it is—and there's not the shadow of a doubt about it—the Free-Traders stand convicted of wilful and malicious falsification.

THE HOMESTEAD TRAGEDY.

It is passing strange that any one can be found who does not grieve over the bloody work at Homestead, Pennsylvania. Here were a score of human lives destroyed, several scores of our fellowmen dangerously wounded, and hundreds of others so badly injured that they will not recover for many days. Yet there is no denying that the politicians interested in the election of Mr. Cleveland positively rejoice in this blood letting. They see in it a hope that the aroused passions of labor may lead it to do that which reason would never allow it to do—to tear down the temple on its own head in the blind endeavor to crush its employer. For while it might seriously injure capitalists engaged in American manufacturing, to vote Free-Trade into power next November, it would usher in an era of blank dispair for American working people and their families.

For weeks the Free-Trade papers have been gloating over the prospect of trouble between employer and employed in the iron and steel industry, and have persistently attributed whatever reductions may have occurred in wages to the new Tariff. The Homestead carnage has inspired them with renewed zeal and the cartoonist has been pressed into service to supplement their demagogic editorials by picturing the McKinley law as the monstrous cause of the bloody battle on the banks of the Monongahela. Not a single man of them believed what he wrote. For no one with sufficient intelligence to write ten words of the English language correctly can believe such rampant nonsense.

Unfortunately, the Tariff cannot prevent strikes and lockouts. No one ever contended that it could or would. No matter how high wages may be in this country, differences between workmen and their employers will occur so long as human nature remains what it is. In many instances—as a rule, we might almost say—strikes are a result of a high standard of wages, which tend toward a higher plane of intelligence among workmen and promote organization and discipline. The result is a lively sense of their rights and an aggressive proneness to maintain them. Slaves never strike. Labor troubles are unknown in Russia, where the laborer stands next door to slavery. In countries like Austria and Spain, where the working classes enjoy only little more freedom, protests from labor against the exactions of capital are few and feeble. As we ascend the scale to countries whose labor enjoys more and more liberty, protests against capitalistic oppression grow in frequency and vigor, and finally, in countries of the best paid and most intelligent workmen, take the form of demand and even coercion of employers. It is a country like the United States, whose working people enjoy the greatest liberty and the highest wages in the world, and have advanced in intelligence and acquired the genius for organization, that workingmen are most aggressive; not merely clinging to every advantage already gained, but pushing vigorously forward for other concessions in the way of higher wages or shorter hours. It is as natural for our American workingman to strike as to refuse to take off his hat to his employers on the street.

So let workingmen hold passion and prejudice in abeyance, and all their calm reason to decide for them the questions growing out of the Homestead carnage.

Let them not forget that while the exisiting disagreement between the Amalgamated Association and the manager of the Homestead works is most unfortunate, it is a pretty good thing that there is a steel plant at Homestead to occasion such a controversy. It is perfectly true that the lockout would not have occurred under Tree-Trade. There would be no steel plant at Homestead to be locked out of. Free-Trade would get rid of labor troubles just as the amputation of the leg would rid one of corns.

If making possible the existence of the Homestead works is to occur responsibility for the recent slaughter there, then is Protection responsible for it, but on no other possible theory.

These are the plain facts of this Homestead business, as any honest man in his right sense must acknowledge, and they should not be obscured by passion or prejudice.

Our predictions as to the formation of a rope and cordage maker's trust in Great Britain have been verified. Sixteen of the greatest cordage manufacturers in England have combined to form the Hemp, Yarn and Cordage Company, Limited, of London, Leeds, Manchester, Hull, Arbroath, &c., with a capital of $1,500,000. We have been aware of the fact that steps were being taken to establish this trust for some time, and vainly cautioned the Cobdenite Congress not to pass the free Binding Twine bill. Can it be possible that the "reformers" knew of the existence of this foreign trust, too?

ON THE DEVIL'S BACKBONE.

A few years before the war I was a clerk in the store of my brother-in-law, Nathan Ritchie, in Pittsburg, and at just that age in which a young man begins to take a real serious interest in girls, and, naturally, to get into all sorts of scrapes and troubles therefrom.

The Washington county farmers used to come into town then on their wagons, bringing along not only big loads of grain, wool, flax, poultry, and other produce, but their wives and daughters as well. They would drive in one day, put up over night at the old "Farmers' inn," down near the Smithfield market, and the next day would make their necessary purchase and go home.

I got to know personally a great many of the farmer folks, and had occasion—or took it—to observe that there were plenty of very fine young women among them—buxom, full-bosomed, bight-eyed, red-lipped girls—full of health, vivacity, and natural honesty. But old man Dan Elder's daughter Jennie seemed to me the flower of the flock, and I assure you that, as far as I could, I made it an object of interest for the Elder family to do its trading at our store.

Jennie and I got quite friendly, and began to have a hopeful suspicion that she was pretty near as glad to see me when she came to town as I was to see her. Once I got her and her father to go with me to a theater, the first time either of them had seen a play, but he got a notion that there was something wrong about stage plays and would not let her go again. Still the old fellow seemed to take a sort of liking to me, and after he had got to know me quite well, nearly two years from our first meeting, he invited me to visit his place out on Raccoon creek.

About a week afterward I hired a good saddle horse and rode out to pay that visit. It was easy enough to find "Uncle Dan's" place, for everybody within a radius of ten miles about it seemed to know him, and I reached his house just at dusk. I thought it was a good omen when the dogs were so much more friendly than country dogs generally are in greeting a stranger, and was sure of it when Jennie said archly:

"Old Bose wouldn't be so good-natured if he did not know that I was expecting you. He must have heard me talking about you."

That evening the whole family, Jennie, her father and mother, an elder brother, and two sisters—went to a dance, about two miles distant, and, of course, I went along. At least I seemed to do so. In point of fact, I went to Paradise. I sat beside Jennie in the big wagon, with my arm around her while we went through dark patches of forest; danced with Jennie, I don't know how many times; waited upon Jennie at supper, rode home beside Jennie, with renewed utilization of forest shadows; and even snatched a kiss from Jennie ere she fled to her room. Under such circumstances how could I be expected to be more than vaguely conscious that there was a big, hulking, clod-hopper named Jim Arney, who scowled and glared at me as if he would like to eat me? What the mischief did I care for Jim Arney? But the fellow wouldn't be ignored. The very next afternoon, feeling that it was not quite the proper thing for me to loiter around the house all day, I borrowed brother Dave's rifle and went out to shoot a squirrel or two if I could find any. Suddenly at a turn in the road I was confronted by Jim Arney on horseback. Eying me with an insulting affectation of scorn he snarled:

"You're a pretty looking dandy from town, ain't you?" I replied that candidly speaking, I really did think I presented a rather agreeable contrast to him.

He flushed angrily, and speaking in a voice thick with passion, retorted:

"I'd break your back if Jennie hadn't said I was to leave you alone." I told him I would secure his pardon for all the back-breaking he could do on me, and invited him to "wade in," but he rode off on his way, and I went on squirrel-hunting.

Leaving my course to chance I strolled higher and higher up a gently sloping hill until I came out suddenly at the top of a precipice several hundred feet in height, which I subsequently learned was called the "Devil's Backbone." The face of the cliff was as sheer as a wall, but rough with great holes burrowed here and there in the soft sandstone by the elements, and with narrow ledges, on which trees and shrubs grew, masking all the rocky declivity with foliage. The tops of tall trees were down below me, and far in the depths beyond their roots I could catch glimpses of the creek, like a silver thread. Around where I stood bushes grew thickly up to the very verge of the precipice, with trees occasionally among them leaning over it.

An impudent, chattering gray squirrel sat upon his haunches in a tree on the brow of the cliff, barking at me, and I shot him. He fell and lodged on a little ledge full twenty feet below the top, where I stood. I made up my mind to get the body of the little beast, and the difficulty and even positive danger to be encountered in doing so were only incitements to achieve the feat. Laying my gun upon the ground, I seized a tough bush, swung over the edge of the precipice, and lowered myself to a point where I got a foothold and a second bush that would bend still lower. Before making the second descent I made the first bush fast, in its bent position, to the second, to have a way secured for return. Then I went to the ledge where the squirrel lay. In stooping to pick it up, I carelessly let go the bush by which I had swung down, and it sprung back instantly to its normal position, a dozen feet above my head. I was securely trapped in a place from which I couldn't safely get away unaided, without I could have flown like a bird. Not a friendly twig was within ten feet of my clutch; the precipice dropped sheer down hundreds of feet right at my toes, and the ledge was so narrow that I had barely room to stand upon it. I yelled for help, but, of course, nobody heard me. I took off my stockings, unraveled them, tied a stone to the yarn, and tried to swing it over the bush above me, almost throwing myself off the ledge in doing so. The effort was a failure. I was hoarse with futile howling. Night fell, and the darkness seemed very cold. I managed to sit down, with my legs dangling over the edge of the ledge; but was afraid to sleep for fear of falling off. An owl perched near me, hooting in great enjoyment of my predicament.

The night seemed years in duration. And there surely never was a slower dawn than that upon which I looked from my open-air prison. By this time I was weak with hunger and wild with thirst. A little after sunrise I was startled by a gunshot from the valley far below, and the vicious "spat" of a bullet upon the rock near my left ankle. It made me fling my legs up so suddenly that I came near toppling off my perch. "That, now," I said to myself, "is no doubt Jim Arney who has discovered me, and is popping away at me in safety; the cowardly assassin." But, as I learned afterward, I wronged him. The bullet was fired by a hunter, whose sharp eyes saw only my foot; and at that distance, thinking it an owl, took a snap shot at it. Thank heaven his aim was no better.

About 9 o'clock I heard the welcome baying of old "Bose" from the top of the cliff. The whole Elder family and some of the neighbors were out hunting for me, my absence through the night having occasioned much alarm; and when I shouted a whole chorus of voices answered me at once. Ropes were procured, and I, with no little difficulty, was dragged up to safety, where I received so warm a welcome from all—and especially so from Jennie—that I felt compensated by fortune for what I had suffered. The old man said, in a dryly sarcastic way, that he thought I rather "over-vallyed the squir'l."

I have often gone out to "Uncle Dan's"—less frequently since Jennie and I have been married than before—but have never had any inclination for fooling about the "Devil's Backbone" any more. No; I have never heard that Jim Arney came to any bad end. He simply married some other girl than Jennie.

ALL IS FAIR IN LOVE.

Click, click, the sharp needles of the December snowstorm were rattling against the casements of old Mrs. Maple's farm house; patter, patter, the last dead leaves of the old sycamore tree drifted down upon the doorstone.

It was an old, old house, and Mrs. Maple was an old, old woman. But you will sometimes find tufts of snowy blossoms bursting from age-lichened apple trees, and sprays of greenery on the boughs of century-old oak trees; and so it happened that Minny Maple, the ancient crone's great-granddaughter, was the bud and blossom of her worn-out life.

Old Mrs. Maple owned houses and land and had money out at interest; but she was a shrewd old lady and liked to keep her affairs in her own hands. And pretty Minny, albeit an heiress in prospective, taught the district school and took care of the farm dairy out of hours.

"It won't hurt her to work for her living if she is to be rich one of these days," said Mrs. Maple. "I worked when I was a girl."

And upon this dreary December night Mrs. Maple's knitting-needles gleamed like steely lightning in the firelight; and her granddaughter Minny sat on a low chair beside her, mending table-cloths, while ever and anon a big drop would plash down upon the darned spots like a glistening globule of dew.

"But, grandmother, why?" burst out Minny at last, with blue eyes lifted up like for-get-me-nots drenched in rain, to the old lady's parchment-like face.

"Because I say so," said old Mrs. Maple. And the fire crackled, and the snow clicked softly against the window panes, and the knitting needles made zigzags of light as they flew back and forth.

"But you say yourself, grandmother, that he's a good young man," pleaded Minny.

Old Mrs. Maple nodded.

"Without a bad habit in the world?"

And again Mrs. Maple nodded like a Chinese mandarin in a collection of curiosities.

"And forehanded with his farm?"

For the third time Mrs. Maple nodded.

"Then, grandmother, why won't you consent to our marriage?" urged the girl.

"Child," said Mrs. Maple, turning her spectacle glasses full upon Minny's sweet, flower-like face, "I've told you why half a hundred times. Its because your Great-grandfather Maple and his great-grandfather were mortal enemies. Because your grandfather's last words upon his deathbed were: 'I leave my soul to heaven, my money to my dear wife, and my everlasting enmity to Job Crofton!'"

"But, grandmother," said Minny, with a shudder, "that was very wicked! And surely, surely, the shadow of a tombstone should be a reconciliation?"

Old Mrs. Maple shook her white head.

"Your grandfather was a very vindictive man, Minny," said she; "I never disobeyed him living, and I will never disobey him dead!"

"But grandmother," coaxed Minny, with her fresh cheek against the old lady's hand, "he wouldn't know it. How could he?"

"Child, child, your grandfather Maple knew everything," said the old lady, with a sudden superstitious glance over her left shoulder, as something seemed to rustle at the casement. "And I do believe his ghost would haunt me if I didn't give good heed to his last words. No, no; Gilbert Crofton can never be your husband, and you may as well give up the idea first as last."

And Minny Maple cried herself to sleep that night.

"For I never, never can marry him without Grandmother Maple's consent," she sobbed. "I'll stay single, until the day of my death; but I never can disobey the kind old soul who has taken a mother's place to me and brought me up from a baby."

But the next night there was an apple bee at Deacon Dangerfield's, and Minny Maple was there. Gilbert, Crofton did not make his appearance until late.

"Gilbert," said the little fiancee, who sat reproachfully amid a crimson avalanche of apples, "what makes you so late?"

"I've been busy," said Gilbert. "But never mind so long as I'm in time for the Virginia reel."

And they walked home together through the snow-drifts, talking happily of what might be if only Grandmother's Maple's adamantine heart could be softened.

But, late though it was, with the old clock on the stroke of 1, there was a light shining redly from the keeping-room windows, and through the uncurtained casement they could see Grandmother Maple marching up and down the room like a sentinel on duty, her high-heeled boots tapping on the floor, her fingers instinctively wandering around and around the inside of her empty snuff-box.

Minny hurried into the room.

"Why, grandmother," cried she, "whatever is the matter. Here are the logs all burned down to white ashes and the candlewick guttering, and you in such a flutter as never was! What has happened, grandmother?"

Mrs. Maple turned her keen blue eyes upon her granddaughter with an expression like that of a sleep-walker.

"Minny, come in," said she "and shut that door. Is that you, Gilbert Crofton, the great-grandson of Job? Come you in, also. Children," with her old hands shaking as if palsy-stricken, "I've seen a ghost!"

"Impossible!" cried Gilbert Crofton.

"Dear grandmother, you must have been dreaming," soothed Minny, creeping up to her side and drawing her down into the old arm-chair beside the hearth.

"Dreaming!" shrieked the old woman. "I was as wide awake as I am at this moment. I had been over to see Mrs. Muir's sick child, and it was close on 10 o'clock when I got back. And the minute I crossed the threshold I had that queer feeling of some one being in the room creep all over me. And there, sure enough, in the chair opposite, where he used to sit thirty good years ago, was your Great-Grandfather Maple, with his old cue wig and his suit of butternut brown, and the very green spectacles that he used to wear for his weak eyes. And he took his pipe out of his mouth and looked at me just as your Grandfather Maple has looked at me a thousand, thousand times. And says I: 'Reuben, is that you?' And says he: 'Yes, Lois, it is.' And says I: "Oh, Reuben, what brings you back to this world?' Says he: 'To wipe out the stains of a wicked world.' And says I: 'Are you happy, Reuben?' And says he: 'Yes; and that's the reason I want others to be.' And then I began to tremble all over, and says I: 'Is it anything I can do Reuben?' And says he: 'There's no more offending nor giving offense in the other world, Lois, and Job Crofton's soul and mine are at variance no longer.' Says he: 'Let there be peace, Lois, and let the young man Gilbert be your grandchild's husband.' And then he knocked the bowl of his pipe on the edge of the andiron, as I have seen him do so often, and he got up and walked out of the room just for all the world like a living creature. I've often heard as ghosts can go through a keyhole, but your Grandfather Maple's ghost opened the door, and forgot to shut it after him into the bargain. So, when I roused up enough to know what was going on around me, the floor was covered with snow that had drifted in and the candle was blown out."

"Oh, grandmother, do you think this was real?" cried Minny, with startled eyes.

"Didn't I see it with my own eyes, and hear it with my ears?" demanded old Mrs. Maple. "It's your grandfather ghost! And I might have known that if he wanted to appear he could, for he had obstinacy enough for anything, rest his soul! You may marry Gilbert Crofton, if you want to, tomorrow, Minny, and perhaps your grandfather's ghost will be easy then."

So the young people were happily married, and Gilbert came to live at the farm, and managed all the old lady's affairs for her, and she lived to be 100 years old before she closed those keen blue eyes of hers upon the matters of this mortal world.

But one day, in turning over the relics of the roomy old garret, Minny came across a red chest, clamped with brass, and faintly odorous of dried lavender and rose leaves. She opened it.

"Oh, Gilbert, look here!" cried she. "My great-grandfather's best suit laid up in camphor gum and sweet herbs! Why do you suppose that Grandmother Maple has kept it?"

"I don't know, I am sure," said Gilbert, with a mischievous twinkle in his eyes. "Perhaps for the younger generations to masquerade in."

Minny sprang to her feet, a light seeming to illumine her own face.

"Gilbert!" cried she, "did you——"

"No matter," said Gilbert, laughing; "shut up the box, Minny, your grandfather's ghost will never haunt the house again."

And it never did.

A WOMAN'S LOVE.

Down below, a stretch of yellow sand to the east, green hills lifting their verdure-crowned heads to heaven; to the west, green fields and sunny meadows sloping down almost to the water's edge, and leaning against the low rail that surrounded the little gothic cottage that overlooked it all, a girl, day-dreaming, her soft, dark eyes fixed on the bright, blue changing waters below.

A girl of perhaps 18, slim and graceful, with a face of rare loveliness, low, broad forehead and delicate brows, eyes deep wine-brown, lips cleft and scarlet, the dainty little head set proudly on the rounded throat, and all crowned by a shining mass of red-gold hair that clustered and curled round the lovely, childish face, and then fell unconfined in heavy curls to the slim, girlish waist.

It was thus that Alvin Emerson saw her first, and, seeing her thought of Tennyson's Guinevere—thought if the hapless queen,

"With her violet eyes and lovely face,
Brow-bound with red-gold hair,"

were half as fair as this dark-eyed girl, then Lancelot might well be forgiven his fatal love, that made him more than willing

"To give the world for this;
To waste his whole life in one kiss;
Upon her perfect lips."

But there was no sign of his thoughts upon his handsome, high-bred face as he told her he had missed the path that led to Emerson Hall, and she looking up—poor child—met her doom in the light of the sunny, laughing eyes that looked with frank admiration into her own, felt her heart grow faint with the passionate thrill that swept over her, flushing her delicate cheeks and making the wine-brown eyes droop low.

"I am Alvin Emerson," he said.

"Alvin Emerson, the new master of the hall?"

"Exactly, and a lucky fellow, am I not? Better to be born lucky than rich you know, and I am rather inclined to believe it. One month ago, a penniless lawyer, wondering where my first brief would come from, to-day master of Emerson Hall, heir of my ninety-second cousin, for he was no nearer, whom I always looked upon as a crusty old fellow, who hated the world in general, and his own people in particular."

The girl laughed softly.

"He was rather crusty," she said, "and yet he could be kind. He was kind to me. Very kind. He was very kind to Nana as well."

"And who is Nana? Your sister?"

"I have no sister. I have no one but Nana."

"Pardon me; I spoke without thinking," he said, as he saw a shadow fall over the lovely face,

"It is true," she said. "I am alone. Father and mother died leaving me a little baby in another land, and the last master of the hall, at their dying request, sent for me and Nana, and I have lived here ever since. This cottage is part of your estate, or rather was. It belongs now to Nana."

That was only the beginning of the end.

The buds were only blossoming that sunny day when first Gloria Delmaine's wine-brown eyes had drooped beneath the passionate admiration that leaped into Alvin Emerson's laughing blue ones when they first rested on her lovely face, but ere the June roses faded she had learned the crowning glory of a woman's life, and, alas! its most passionate pain.

Ah, heavens! while life lasted would she ever forget the moment of agony when her whole heart awoke to the truth of its love—the bitter despair the awakening brought her?

Standing there she lived that moment of passion and pain again, and a wave of despair swept over her soul at the memory.

There had been a fete at Emerson Hall, and Alvin had insisted that she should be there.

"I know no one," she said. "I have lived so much by myself. I would be afraid."

He laughed lightly.

"You must come," he said. "I have something to tell you when the day is done."

And she had gone, with Nana to chaperon her, gone to learn the bitterest agony a woman's heart can know.

She had been standing alone for a little time, and she had wandered down to a little green arbor and sunk upon the low, rustic seat, when suddenly her own name fell upon her ears.

"She is rather pretty," a woman's voice said. "But it is out of place to see her here. No one, you know, can tell who or what she really is. A protege of the old master of Emerson Hall."

"No one can tell who or what she really is."

The words seemed to ring through the girl's brain, and it seemed for a moment as if life itself had left her; and then:

"What do you think of the future mistress of Emerson Hall—Miss Vernon?"

"She is very beautiful, and she is to be mistress here?"

"Yes," the first speaker said; "I heard that she and Mr. Emerson are engaged."

"No doubt. He is very attentive to her. They are coming this way now. They are well mated."

Almost blinded by her agony, Gloria Delmaine rose to her feet as the speakers left where they stood, and, almost reeling, reached the arbor door.

Alvin Emerson was coming down one of the avenues, his head bent low as he listened to the light, jesting talk of the girl at his side.

A girl so beautiful, in dark Spanish style, that she almost took Gloria's breath away.

Tall, slim, and supple in motion, with a delicate oval face, pure olive skin, with a pomegranate bloom staining the rounded cheeks and curving lips, low, broad brows, eyes of midnight darkness—great, dark deep, luminous eyes, shaded by heavy silken lashes and a proud, young head, with a coronet of blue-black hair, bent low as she listened to the answer Alvin made to her laugh-talk.

A low, agonized cry broke from Gloria.

Ah! kind heaven! This beautiful girl, well born, and his equal in every way, was his promised wife, and she—she, whom nobody knew who she really was, or from whence she really came, loved him with all the passion of her soul.

"My darling! my darling!" she cried, in her passion and pain, "how can I live without you! My love, my love!"

This was what he had to tell her.

Oh, God; could she only die before the light of his laughing eyes fell on her again.

Ah, God, how she lived through the weeks that followed she could never tell.

God had heard her passionate cry, for the light of Alvin Emerson's laughing eyes had not fallen on her during the two dreary weeks that followed her heart's awakening.

Business had called him away, she heard, and that was all, and then in her woman's weakness her heart repeated its bitter cry.

Ah, to see him once again—once again to hear his voice, even though it told her the story of his love for another, and the best of her life died while she listened.

Her prayer was heard.

Standing on the low level stretch of sand, her soul had cried out for him, and he had answered it.

She heard his step upon the sand, but she never turned till he stood beside her and called her name:

"Gloria!"

Then he turned, and a low cry broke from his lips.

"My God! Gloria, have you been ill? Child, what has happened to you?"

With all her shy sweetness and reserve, the girl was proud—intensely proud in her own way, and she would die before Alvin Emerson, the promised husband of another, would read the bitterness of her soul.

"I have not been very well," she said, "nor very ill, either. The weather, I suppose. It is very changeable."

He made no answer, only looked at her, a tender light coming into his eyes.

"I said I had something to tell you, Gloria," he said. "Well, little girl, you will have to wait another little while to hear the news. I have to be very certain myself, before I make it public. Gloria, say you wish me success."

"I wish you success," she said; "why should I not?"

He looked at her in some surprise.

"You are not like your usual self," he said.

"Perhaps not," she answered coldly, and then she turned her eyes seaward again.

Two days later Gloria was looking for something in an old oaken desk that was seldom used, when, turning away, her skirt caught in one of the knobs, and before she could stop it the old desk came down with a crash; and as it did so a secret drawer in one side sprang open, and a package of papers fell at the girl's feet, and her own name in plain writing met her dilated eyes.

"To be given to the girl known as Gloria Delmaine."

The words seemed to sear themselves on her brain; her heart beat with great, strangling throbs, and her face grew pallid as death; and then she opened the letter, and a low cry came from her lips.

"Delmaine had been her mother's name, but not hers. Thank God! thank God!

Every proof lay in her hand that she was Gloria Delmaine Emerson, and heiress of Emerson Hall, for the old man "who had been kind to her" had righted her even from the grave.

"You will forgive the bitter wrong I did you, Gloria," he wrote, "when I am gone. I married your mother when abroad. I loved her passionately, and she—she cared nothing for me. Her parents forced her into marriage, making her believe the lover to whom her heart was given was false to her. When I learned the truth I went mad and swore I would never look upon her face again.

"The position her parents duped me to win for her would never be hers. She died, however, when I was far away, leaving you a little babe.

"Even dead, I could not forgive her the fact that she did not love me, and I swore never to acknowledge my marriage or my child.

"I kept my oath—kept it till I felt my days were numbered, and death drawing near. I leave this with Nana to be given to you after my death. All the proofs, as well as the will that makes you my heiress, are in the other package. Your father,

"CHARLES EMERSON."

She knew now who and what she was.

For a moment she stood motionless, the papers in her hand.

At first she had been flushed and triumphant, but the lovely face had suddenly paled to the hue of death.

The evenings were growing chilly, and a low, red fire burned in the grate.

She went over to it, the papers still in her hand, and laid them on it.

"Oh, love, my gain will never be your loss," she murmured, as the flames leaped up and licked the parchment.

And then—well, then, was it fate, or chance, or Providence? but one thing certain, that Alvin Emerson was in the room, and holding the parchment that left him penniless in his hand, slightly scorched, but intact.

"Gloria, why did you try to burn these?" Then more gravely: "I think I understand, for I know what these are. Nana has confessed to the hiding of them; her motive, lest the change in your position should estrange you from her. Gloria, I promised to tell you something. Sweet, it is this: I suspected almost from the first who you were, for I found a miniature I almost deemed was you among Charles Emerson's papers, and written below it the words, 'my darling,' in his handwriting. Gloria, I have sought proofs of your birth, and I could prove your rights even if you had destroyed the papers. After to-day Emerson Hall has no master."

"No, no! Oh, Alvin, you must be mad!"

"Not half as mad as the little girl who would have destroyed her birthright," he said, with a smile. Then, after a moment's silence: "Gloria, did you dream that I would be willing to rob you? Oh, love, tell me, did you burn the proofs from the same cause I sought to find them?"

A soft, red flush stained her cheeks.

Surely—ah—surely—there must have been some mistake about him and the Spanish-eyed beauty, for surely this was a lover's voice sounding in her ears, a lover's tender eyes that were looking into hers, making them droop with the passion of his glances.

"I can not tell till I know your reason," she answered, shyly.

"It was for love's sweet sake," he said, as he folded her close in his arms and kissed her scarlet lips; "and you, Gloria?"

"For love's sweet sake as well," she answered.

Then, with his arms around her, she told him what she had heard about Ethel Vernon.

He laughed lightly.

"So I am engaged to be best man to my bosom friend, who will soon claim her as his bride; but tell me, my darling, that the same day I may claim the heiress of Emerson Hall"—with a happy laugh—"as my payment for the first case I undertook—a case without my client's knowledge."—*Family Paper.*

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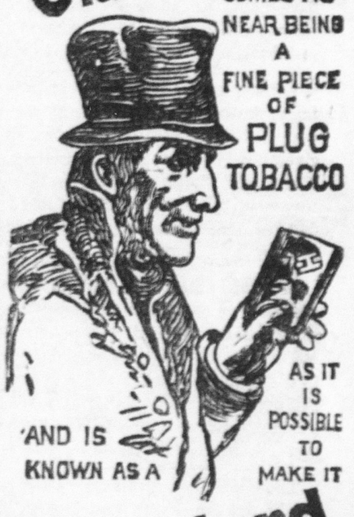

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HE Missed his Opportunity! DON'T Miss Yours, Reader. The majority neglect their opportunities, and from that cause live in poverty and die in obscurity! Harrowing cause! is the lot of many, as they look back on lost, forever lost, opportunity. Life is passing! Reach out. Be up and doing. Improve your opportunity, and secure prosperity, prominence, peace. It was said by a philosopher, that "the Goddess of Fortune offers a golden opportunity to each person at some period of life; embrace the chance, and she pours out her riches; fail to do so and she departs, never to return." How shall you find the GOLDEN opportunity? Investigate every chance that appears worthy, and of fair promise; that is what all successful men do. Here is an opportunity, such as is not often within the reach of laboring people. Improved, it will give, at least, a grand start in life. The GOLDEN opportunity for many is here. Money to be made rapidly and honorably by any industrious person of either sex. All ages. You can do the work and live at home, wherever you are. Even beginners are easily earning from $5 to $10 per day. You can do as well if you will work, not too hard, but industriously; and you can increase your income as you go on. You can give spare time only, or all your time to the work. Easy to learn. Capital not required. We start you. All is comparatively new and really wonderful. We instruct and show you how, free. Failure unknown among our workers. No room to explain here. Write and learn all free, by return mail. Unwise to delay. Address at once, H. Hallett & Co., Box 880, Portland, Maine.

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"NERVITIS" (Piver's French Nerve Remedy, is sold with a Written Guarantee to cure all Nervous diseases, such as Weak Memory, Loss of Brain Power, Nervousness, Headache, Wakefulness, Lost Manhood, Lassitude, all drains and loss of power in either sex, caused by over-exertion or youthful indiscretion, which ultimately lead to Infirmity, Consumption and Insanity. Price, $1.00 a package. With every $5 order we give a written guarantee to cure or refund money. By mail to any address. PIVER'S REMEDY CO., Toledo, O.

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SPECIAL RUN No. 19.
GREATEST VALUE ON EARTH.
Tyler's Famous Antique Oak Roll Curtain Desk complete, see special circulars.
No. 4004, 3 ft. 6 in. long, net $16.00
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Also see new 150 page catalogue for 1892. Great cut of about 40 per cent from former list. BOOKS FREE, postage 10c. Shipped from St. Louis, Mo., or Indianapolis, Ind.
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We refer to every Bank in Thirty States.
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Before. After. Last.
Weight 320 lbs 256 lbs 75 lbs
Bust.... 43 in. 33 in. 10 in.
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Mrs. L. M. Campbell Argyle, Wis., says: The accompanying statement of my weight and measurements will show the results of five months' treatment.
PATIENTS TREATED BY MAIL. CONFIDENTIAL.
Harmless, and with no starving, inconvenience, or bad effects. For particulars address, with 6 cents in stamps,
DR. O. W. F. SNYDER, McVICKER'S THEATER, CHICAGO ILL.

'NEATH CUPID'S CHARM.

I had quite successfully borne with the demands of a long and active day, had only a few moments before reached my comfortable office after a hearty evening meal, and was seated cozily therein, having thrown myself into a position of ease I felt myself fully justified in taking.

There is a sort of abandon or feeling of license which comes with the evening over one who has battled strongly with the requirements of a professional life, and this is heightened, if anything, by the peculiar satisfaction which follows a well-filled stomach and the hallowing incense of a fine cigar.

The mellow rays from my study-lamp intertwining, piercing, and blending with the soft, ascending columns of bluish-gray smoke, which first reaches upward, then expands, and gently descends as a delicate cloud of security—I say all this wins contentment and with it a disregard for the sterner conventionalism with which we otherwise, and so almost constantly, clothe ourselves.

I felt such peace of mind come over me as I half reclined in my easy-chair and blew toward the ceiling long, conical columns of fragrant smoke.

My fountain of thought was all but stilled—the springs of ideation, for the nonce, confined their wonted flow. Yet not completely so, for my eyes wandered somewhat with the lighter vein of lucubration, first to one thing, then to another.

Finally my vision rested for a brief period upon a photograph—the likeness of a sweet one whom I erstwhile counted dear and more.

For an instant my inner spirit was given gladsome range.

Quickly did my mind revert to a former time and revel in what had been.

I turned away, however, and with the same physical languidness still about me I stretched forth my hand and grasped a book whose "dog-ears" indicated an uncompleted perusal—though I had often read it before.

'Twas the oft-gleaned "Reveries of a Bachelor," and I admit that the beautiful lines always came as a balm to the lacerations of my heart which had formerly refused to kindly heal.

Well into bachelordom was I now plodding my way, though many times with no light or joyous heart. But these words of a brother-bachelor gave me a vast degree of comfort.

It was this feeling—this sense of serenity—which came and added measure to my peace as I again took up the volume and began to devour its truths. Yet that picture—which looked so sweetly down upon me—had brought up memories—as, indeed, it had done many times before—and these memories would not obey a stern "begone," but lingered upon the border lines of less-holy thoughts.

I read on, hoping to drown the recollection by sheer force of determination. Line after line I eagerly drank in seeking to obtain the deeper verities which I felt were buried there.

The light gleamed softly, my cigar gave on a thinner upward strand of fragrance, although the cloud above appeared denser, and a holy stillness as of the deeper hours enwrapt all.

My eyes still followed the dimming lines, but the words now came slowly and yet more slowly.

"I wonder," thought I, as I dropped asleep, "if a married man with his sentiment made actual is, after all, as happy, as happy, as we poor poor fellows in our our dreams."

Hark! what gentle voice was that?

A call came toward me, borne upon the stillness of the night.

I listened, for again the now clearer notes sweetly touched upon my ear.

"Hervey! Hervey!" now clear, distinct, and thrilling.

Yes, it was she. Yes, Yes. It was Madeline—my own dear Madeline.

Garbed in delicate, flowing white, a new-blown rose of exquisite tint at her bosom, and those large, liquid eyes thrown fully upon me, what could be my feelings but those of infinite joy?

We had wandered along the banks of a laughing stream; we had plucked the half-hidden wild flower from its mossy bed; we had watched the gleams and little dots of dancing sunlight coming through the brighter interstices in the canopy above; we had joyed with them and sought their places to occupy, only to have the glittering beams pass across our chests and make the plainer the ecstatic throbbings of our frames; we had caught the spirit which prompted the free-bird to its offering of song; we had thrown kisses at the reflection upon the surface of the placid pool; we had grasped each other's hearts, as well as hands, and thridded on where all was peace, and love, and beauty.

That was but yesterday

To-day! but time is nothing to us. It is not measured. To us it is not a quantity.

'Twas but a moment ago I saw her, and yet you call it yesterday.

Is her spirit not my spirit? Is she not with me constantly? Though space forbid the eye its feast, yet is the mind not filled?

Ah! Yesterday for worldlings: to-day—now—and to-morrow — the coming now—for me.

* * * * * *

Sit here, Madeline. I heard your loving call and my heart had played a rapid response.

How beautiful you are to-night!

To-morrow! To-morrow!

Ah! to-morrow makes us one. Yet, methinks, no word of mouth, no holy liturgy, no purer essence of sainted sanctuary, can render closer our bounding hearts.

Oh! the rapture and boundlessness of Godgiven love!

Come nearer, dear. Your hand feels cold; or is it that my own is overheated from the glowing—from the fever—of affection within me?

Let us talk about our life not lives.

Have I attended to all the details? Have I prepared the little home?

Why ask me? Why think of such things. They are earthly. Yet yes, they are belongings. They are a part of the whole, although so material.

But you were not with me when the final touches were given? Did we not drape a little here? Did we not change a chair upon one side, and transpose a picture or two upon the other? Did we not take one long, glad survey of all ere we left, feeling that when we again crossed that threshold it would be to enter our common home?

Oh! what thoughts this word home brings to me!

A home I have not known, save at your side; a home I will not know, save with you ever as its queen. Home is your presence, wheresoever that may be. Lead me to the barren sands of the sun-stricken south; call me to the algid peaks of the distant north; speak to me when journeying on the boundless waste of the mighty deep, and I will follow on, for I shall only be "going, going home."

To-morrow has come—it is counted as to-day—we call it now.

'Tis that day which has been set for the "consummation of our bliss"—as they call it.

Ah!—maybe.

But can supreme joy be added unto? Have not our hearts beat as one? Can more come from a repeated vow? Are we to look for a greater love, a love we have not known?

It cannot be. Love cannot exceed itself.

But hark! The wedding strains bid me "Come."

"Come" to what?

"Come" to the beginning? No.

"Come" to the end? Never for there is no end. Such affection has no limit it knows no termination.

"Come." then, to its holy plighting. Ah! well. Its holy plighting. Yes.

I arise and critically scan myself in the large mirror. I give my tie just a little touch. I smooth out an imaginary wrinkle in my sleeve. I remove a little speck of dust which had somehow found a resting-place on my otherwise immaculate bosom. Then do I feel ready? Yes. I was ready before; yet, strangely, there seemed to be an invisible hand which tried to restrain me—which strove to draw me back. Some baffled spirit sought to deter me.

Is not this a frequent experience among those who thus approach the altar?

The impression, not of dread, but of something you cannot fathom, describe, or name, fastens itself upon you—almost commands you not to advance.

This is cast off, however, and you start forward upon the greatest voluntary event of your life.

So it was with me and I left my dressing-room, passed to her side, and stepped nervously beneath the canopy of flowers where a lasting unity of hearts was to be pledged.

A few words and her little, pearly hand rested calmly and confidingly in mine; the magical ring was adjusted which helped to bind the sacred compact; then a few more seconds and a volume of congratulatory epithets were showered upon us.

Afterward the rustling of fabrics, a quick slam to the carriage-door, and we were whirling over the even roadway to our home.

There everything is in readiness—not one essential has been overlooked.

I passed to my room—a comfort my wife promised to allow me—where I found house-jacket and slippers awaiting me. A handful of new-plucked roses lay upon my table, while the latest issue of a metropolitan daily reposed against a smoking-jar, which was well filled with my favorite brand of cigars.

I glanced about me with a deep satisfaction, and gave brief scope to thoughts of the many joyful, peaceful hours I should pass in this cozy little retreat, for I had thought that I should sometimes like to return again to bachelor days for an hour or two, just to benefit by the comparison, by giving myself to this one room. I soon retired from these quarters, and, upon descending the broad stairs, was met by the sweet expression:

"Oh, Hervey! it does not seem that sadness can ever come to us! How pretty everything is!"

We grasp each other's hands and pass from room to room, bearing the proud persuasion that all is ours to enjoy, and that all speaks of enjoyment unalloyed.

The quaint little library, with books neatly arranged, and with a tempered glimmer of sunlight streaming through the vine clad window; the dining-room, not large, yet affording space for the number we expect often to have at our board; the large hall, where comfort is plainly suggested on every hand; while snug nooks and corners are met as we glide on, stopping here with an expression, and there with a look of joy.

We were just passing for, mayhaps, the twentieth time the great paneled door leading to the porch without, when a violent, startling knocking came to our ears.

Sweet Madeline convulsively grasped my arm, as if fearing some strange or ominous intrusion.

Again came the fierce pounding upon the outer door.

Somehow I could not move. Every muscle was fixed in a position of rigidity. I struggled inwardly for a power to advance. I tried to cry out against the cords which bound me helpless. My wife still firmly clasped my arm and much alarm was indicated by her features.

Again and like great volumes of thunder came the stokes upon the door, and as the last echoes resounded throughout the house and died away in the far-off corners I gave forth one mighty, superhuman effort against the restraining monster, and shrieked in tones of terror:

"Come in."

I then felt a cold draft of air upon my moistened brow and heard a gruff voice exclaim:

"Please call at 1101 Mansford street at once. A lady is dying."

I rubbed my eyes briskly, raised myself to a sitting posture, found my left arm was "asleep" from a cramped position it had suffered, noticed my half-burned cigar upon a chair beside me, observed the soft reflection from my dimly-burning lamp, and lastly, I caught sight of the figure of a man standing in the doorway and leering at me with a pair of wild and excited eyes.

Hurriedly and loudly he repeated his message, which was then comprehended.

may27-1y

Would you rather buy lamp-chimneys, one a week the year round, or one that lasts till some accident breaks it?

Common glass may break or not the minute you light your lamp; if not, the first draft may break it; if not, it may break from a mere whim.

Tough glass chimneys, Macbeth's "Pearl-top" or "Pearl-glass," almost never break from heat, not one in a hundred.

Where can you get it? and what does it cost?

Your dealer knows where and how much. It costs more than common glass; and may be, he thinks tough glass isn't good for his business.

Pittsburgh, Pa. GEO. A. MACBETH CO.

Physicians Couldn't Cure. X

SEDAMSVILLE, Hamilton Co., O., June, 1889.
One bottle of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic cured me entirely, after physicians had tried unsuccessfully for eight months to relieve me of nervous debility. W. HUENNEFELD.

DELHI, Ont., Jan. 14, 1891.
My wife has taken six bottles of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic; she has had no return of the fits, and I think this remedy has had the desired effect. I cheerfully recommend it to any one suffering from that dreadful malady, "Epilepsy." JOHN GRANT.

BROCKTON, Mass., June 17, 1890.
About a year ago I noticed my right hand continually shaking. I tried different medicines but they all had no effect. * * * After using three or four bottles of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic my hand ceased to shake and I found myself gaining every day. I think this medicine is one of the greatest remedies.
THOS. O'REILLY.

FREE—A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge.
This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and is now prepared under his direction by the
KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.
Sold by Druggists at $1 per Bottle. 6 for $5.
Large Size, $1.75. 6 Bottles for $9.

RUPTURE
DR. J. A. SHERMAN begs to inform those whom it may concern that all patients will be furnished with his CELEBRATED RUPTURE TREATMENT during the months of May, June and July this year at special rates, at his principal office, 294 Broadway, New York. Safety and comfort is assured without restriction from exercise while under treatment for cure. Treatment can be had by corresponding. Send stamp for pamphlet

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FOR
RHEUMATISM
AND
NEURALGIA.
CURES
IN
A
DAY
A New and Wonderful Discovery
which has revolutionized the treatment of these diseases. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears, the first dose greatly benefits. It is recommended only for Rheumatism and Neuralgia, but for these it is a quick and radical cure, as multitudes who have used it testify. It contains no anodynes and is perfectly harmless. Ask your druggist to procure it if he does not have it on hand.
Guarantee. If first bottle does not benefit you, druggist will refund money.
Write for treatise and testimonials.
PRICE, 75 CENTS.
Dr. I. A. DETCHON, Crawfordsville, Ind.

DR. SANDEN'S
ELECTRIC BELT

LATEST PATENTS—BEST IMPROVEMENTS. WITH ELECTRO-MAGNETIC SUSPENSORY.
Will cure without medicine all Weakness resulting from overtaxation of brain, nerve forces, excesses or indiscretion, as sexual exhaustion, drains, losses, nervous debility, sleeplessness, languor, rheumatism, kidney, liver and bladder complaints, lame back, lumbago, sciatica, general ill-health, etc. This electric belt contains Wonderful Improvements over all others, and gives a current that is instantly felt by the wearer or we forfeit $5,000.00, and will cure all of the above diseases or no pay. Thousands have been cured by this marvelous invention after all other remedies failed, and we give hundreds of testimonials in this and every other state.
Our powerful improved ELECTRIC SUSPENSORY is the greatest boon ever offered weak men: FREE WITH BAK BELTS.
Health and Vigorous Strength GUARANTEED in 60 to 90 DAYS. Send for large illustrated pamphlets, sealed, free by mail. Address
SANDEN ELECTRIC CO.,
No. 819 Broadway, NEW YORK.

RAILROADS

BALD EAGLE VALLEY RAILROAD.—TIME Table, Nov. 16, 1891.

STATIONS	Dis	A.M	A.M	P.M.
			WESTWARD	
LOCK HAVEN		4 40	9 15	4 20
Flemington—f	1.8	4 43	9 18	4 23
Mill Hall	3.0	4 46	9 21	4 26
Beech Creek	5.3	4 50	9 23	4 28
Eagleville—f	9.9	4 59	9 36	4 49
Howard	14.5	5 07	9 44	4 49
Mt. Eagle—f	17.7	5 14	9 48	4 55
Curtin	19.9	5 18	9 01	5 02
Milesburg	23.5	5 25	10 11	5 19
BELLEFONTE	15.2	5 35	10 25	5 10
Milesburg	23.5	5 45	10 35	5 30
Snow Shoe Int	24.8	5 48	10 40	5 19
Unionville	28.5	5 55	10 48	5 41
Julian	32.9	6 05	10 59	5 59
Martha	37.0	6 13	11 26	5 59
Port Matilda	40.4	6 21	1129	6 06
Hannah—f	43.7	6 28	11 36	6 13
Fowler—f	45.0	6 30	11 40	6 15
Dix—f	46.3	6 33	11 32	6 12
Bald Eagle	49.3	6 40	11 38	6 28
Vail	51.2	6 44	11 43	6 29
East Tyrone	53.0	6 48	11 48	6 33
TYRONE	54.8	6 55	11 55	6 40

STATIONS	Dis	A.M	P. M.	P.M.
			EASTWARD	
TYRONE		7 55	3 10	7 21
East Tyrone	1.3	8 02	3 17	7 32
Vail	3.1	8 05	3 20	7 36
Bald Eagle	5.0	8 10	3 24	7 41
Dix—f	8.0	8 15	3 30	7 47
Fowler—f	9.3	8 17	3 33	7 50
Hannah—f	10.5	8 21	3 37	7 54
Port Matilda	13.9	8 28	3 44	8 01
Martha	17.3	8 36	3 52	8 19
Julian	21.4	8 44	4 01	8 20
Unionville	25.8	8 55	4 10	8 30
Snow Shoe Int	29.5	9 05	4 17	8 40
Milesburg	30.8	9 07	4 20	8 44
BELLEFONTE	33.5	9 17	4 30	8 04
Milesburg	30.8	9 32	4 40	9 13
Curtin	34.4	9 46	4 47	9 19
Mt Eagle—f	36.6	9 51	4 55	9 28
Howard	39.8	10 01	5 02	9 28
Eagleville—f	44.4	10 15	5 10	9 49
Beech Creek	45.0	10 20	5 13	9 46
Mill Hall	51.3	10 35	5 24	10 01
Flemington	52.5	10 28	5 27	10 05
LOCK HAVEN	54.3	10 45	5 30	10 10

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD Time Table in effect Dec. 14th, 1890.

Westward Dis.			Stations	Dis.	Eastward	
P.M	A.M				A.M	P.M
5 05	1 31		SCOTIA	25.6	9 21	4 47
5 25	10 21	8.3	Fairbrook	20.3	9 09	4 27
5 37	10 28	8.7	Penna. Furnace	16.9	8 56	4 15
5 44	10 34	10.6	Hostler f	15.0	8 50	4 08
5 50	10 46	12.3	Marengo f	13.3	8 43	4 01
5 57	10 52	13.5	Loveville f	12.1	8 37	3 75
6 04	10 58	15.2	Furnace Road f	10.4	8 31	3 40
6 08	11 02	15.8	Dungarvin f	9.8	8 27	3 46
6 18	11 10	18.2	Warriors Mark	7.4	8 19	3 08
6 28	11 20	20.5	Pennington	5.1	8 10	2 50
6 40	11 32	23.5	Stover	2.1	7 58	2 1
6 50	11 40	25.6	TYRONE		7 50	2 1

BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOE RAILROAD.—Time Table, Nov. 24 1890.
Leaves Snow Shoe at 6.45 a m; arrives at Bellefonte at 8.45 a m.
Leaves Bellefonte at 10.30 a m; arrives at Snow Shoe at 12.15 a m.
Leaves Snow Shoe at 3.00 p m arrives at Bellefonte at 4.50 p m.
Leaves Bellefont at 5.25 p m. arrives at Snow Shoe at 7.50 p m.
S S BLAIR, General Supt.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE R. R.—BELLEFONTE, NITTANY AND LEMONT R. R. To take effect Nov. 24th, 1890

Dis.	Westward				Eastward		
	a.m.	p.m.		a.m.	a.m.	p.m
.0	5.50	2.15	MONTANDON	5.30	9.20	5.45
1.5	6.18	2.25	Ar..LEWISBURG..Lv	5.20	9.10	5.32
1.5	6.18	2.25	Lv..LEWISBURG..Ar		9.10	5.32
5.4	6.30	2.35	Biehl f		9.00	5.24
6.8	6.35	2.40	Vicksburg f		8.58	5.20
10.7	6.45	2.50	MIFFLINFUBG		8.43	5.10
13.1	6.52	2.57	Barber f		8.36	5.0
15.2	6.58	3.03	Swengle f		8.30	4.5
16.1	7.00	3.05	Millmont		8.27	4.5
18.6	7.08	3.14	LAURELTON		8.17	4.46
23.5	7.19	3.25	Pardee f		8.06	4.35
28.9	7.33	3.38	Cherry Run f		7.53	4.22
32.2	7.43	3.48	Paddy Mt. Tunnel f		7.43	4.12
35.9	7.48	3.54	Ingleby f		7.39	4.07
36.6	7.53	4.00	Coburn		7.30	4.00
39.6	8.01	4.08	Zerby f		7.21	3.52
43.4	8.10	4.17	Rising Springs		7.12	3.43
46.2	8.18	4.25	Penn'sCave f		7.05	3.37
49.2	8.24	4.30	CENTRE HALL		6.58	3.28
51.6	8.32	4.37	Gregg f		6.51	3.23
54.6	8.37	4.43	Linden Hall		6.43	3.16
56.7	8.42	4.48	OAK HALL		6.38	3.11
58.3	8.46	4.52	LEMONT		6.34	
60.2	8.51	4.57	Dale Summit f		6.29	
63.9	9.00	5.06	Pleasant Gap f		6 19	
66.2	9.06	5.10	Axeman f		6.14	
67.4	9.10	5.15	BELLEFONTE		6.7	2.45

CHAS E. PUGH ..... General Manager
ROBERT NEILSON ..... General Superintendent
E. B. WESTFALL ..... Superintendent

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD.—On and after Monday, April 4th, 1892, trains will run as follows, leaving the Pennsylvania Railroad station.

EASTWARD					WESTWARD				
12	10	8	1	2		1	3	7	9	11
pm	pm	pm	am	am	Ar—Lv	am	am	am	pm	pm
6 25		3 50		9 05	Bellefont	6 30		10 30		4 40
6 28		3 44		8 59	Gelville	6 37		10 35		4 45
6 25		3 41		8 56	Morris	6 40		10 38		4 48
6 22		3 38		8 52	Whitmer	6 44		10 43		4 51
6 19		3 35		8 49	Linns	6 47		10 46		4 54
6 17		3 33		8 47	Hunters	6 50		10 48		4 56
6 14		3 31		8 44	Fillmore	6 52		10 52		5 00
6 11		3 28		8 40	Sellers	6 57		10 56		5 03
6 09		3 26		8 38	Briarly	7 00		10 58		5 05
6 05	6 00	3 23	8 25	8 36	Waddle	7 05	7 10	11 01	5 10	5 10
6 02	5 50	3 20	8 20	8 30	Mattern J	7 08	7 14	11 03	5 13	5 12
	5 46		8 17		Graysdale	7 19		5 16		
	5 43		8 12		Mattern	7 24		5 20		
	5 40		8 05		Stormstown	7 29		5 23		
	5 35		8 00		Red Bank	7 35		5 30		
5 51		3 08		8 18	Krumr'ne	7 21		11 13		5 24
5 48		3 05		8 14	Struble	7 24		11 17		5 27
5 45		3 00		8 10	St. College	7 30		11 20		5 30

Train 2 connects with trains east and west on B. E. V. R. R. and S. S. branch, and train 8 connects with train east on B. E. V. R. R.
THOMAS A. SHOEMAKER, Supt.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD (Philadelphia and Erie Division.)—On and after Dec. 24th, 1890.

WESTWARD.

Bellefonte Republican.

The Best Advertising Medium in Central Pennsylvania.

A forty-eight column paper devoted to the interests of the Republican party. Published at Bellefonte, Pa., at $1.50 per annum

BY EDWARD T. TUTEN.

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SPACE OCCUPIED.	3m	6m	1y
One inch (12 lines this type)	$ 5	$ 8	$ 12
Two inches	7	10	15
Three inches	10	15	20
Four inches	11	17	25
Quarter column	12	20	30
Half column	20	35	55
One column	35	55	100

All advertisements, whether displayed or blank lines, measured by lines of this type.

All advertisements due after the first insertion.

Special notices inserted in our local columns at 20 cents per line for each insertion, unless otherwise agreed, by the month, quarter or year.

Editorial notices, in our local columns, 25 cents per line for each insertion.

Professional or Business Cards, not exceeding 10 lines this type, $8 per annum.

All advertisements for a less term than three months 20 cents per line for the first three insertions, and 5 cents per line for each additional insertion.

Advertisers, and especially Advertising Agents, are respectfully informed that no notice will be taken of orders to insert advertisments at less rates than the above, nor will any notice be given to orders of parties unknown to the publisher, unless accompanied by the cash. EDWARD T. TUTEN.

COUNTY EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

The following named gentlemen compose the Republican Executive Committee of Centre County for the year 1892.

Wilbur F. Reeder, Chairman, Bellefonte
W. L. Malin, Secretary. "
H. P. Harris, Ass't Secretary "
H. C. Quigley. " "

DISTRICT.	NAME.	ADDRESS.
Bellefonte, N W	W I. Fleming	Bellefonte
" S W	J A Aikens	"
" W W	S. H. Williams	"
Centre Hall boro	B F Brisbin	Centre Hall
Howard "	Robert Cooke Jr.	Howard
Milesburg "	John Confer	Milesburg
Millheim "	J F Harter	Millheim
Philipsburg	"1 W S S Grissman	Philipsburg
"	"2 W H C Warfel	Philipsburg
"	"3 W Capt Harry Simler	"
South Philipsburg boro	M. Stover, Philipsb'g	
Unionville "	Riley Pratt	Fleming
Benner Twp	Jos. H Marshall	Bellefonte
Boggs Twp	E P J M Parker	Roland
Boggs Twp	W P C P Stonerode	Milesburg
Boggs Twp	N P Jacob Yarnell	Milesburg
Burnside Twp	Delon G. Stewart.	Moshannon
College Twp	E P Wm Thompson Jr	Lemont
College Twp	W P Philip D Foster	State Coll.
Curtin "	William Robb	Romola
Ferguson Twp	E P Claudius B Hess	Fairbook
Ferguson "	W P John Campbell	"
Gregg "	N P Isaac Smith	Farmers Mills
Gregg "	S P John D Long	Spring Mills
Gregg "	E P. Jos. K. Bitner.	Penn Hall
Haines "	E P Chas Bressler	Fiedler
Haines "	W P James P Coburn	Aaronsb'g
Half Moon "	Cyrus W Hunter	Stormstown
Harris "	Scott Bricker	Boalsburg
Howard "	N. G. Pletcher	Howard
Huston "	Ira F Davis	Julian
Liberty "	D M Burlew	Blanchard
Marion "	S H Bennison	Walker
Miles "	Henry G Royer	Wolfs Store
Patton "	George F Stevenson	Buffalo Run
Penn "	W F Rearick	Coburn
Potter Twp	N P James Gregg	Centre Hall
Potter "	S P Alexander McCoy	Pot'rs Mills
Rush "	N P David Kinkead	Philipsburg
Rush "	S P Sanford White	Sandy Ridge
SnowShoe	E P J. K. McMullen	SnowSnow
SnowShoe	W P John A Yeager	Moshannon
Spring Twp	N P John A Dubbs	Bellefonte
Spring "	S P M F Riddle	Pleasant Gap
Spring "	W P W H Poorman	Bellefonte
Taylor "	John Weaver	Port Matilda
Union "	B W Shipley	Fleming
Walker "	O P Wilson	Hublersburg
Worth "	S R. Pringle	Port Matilda

REPUBLICAN COUNTY CONVENTION.

The Republicans of Centre County will meet at their respective voting places in the several election districts of the County on Saturday August 20th 1892, for the purpose of electing delegates to the County Convention. The delegates chosen at that time will meet at the Court House in Bellefonte on Tuesday, August 23, 1892, at 11 o'clock A. M., for the purpose of nominating:

Two candidates for Assembly,
One candidate for Associate Judge.
One candidate for Prothonotary,
One candidate for District Attorney.
One Candidate for County Surveyor.

Three Conferees to represent Centre County in the Congressional Conference; and to elect a Chairman of the County Committee for the year 1893; also to transact such other business as may properly come before the Convention.

Under the rules of the party, the number of delegates to which each precinct is entitled is as follows, viz:-

NUMBER OF DELEGATES.			
Bellefonte, N W	6	Haines, East P	1
" S. W	4	" West P	2
" W. W	3	Halfmoon	3
Centre Hall	1	Harris	2
Howard Boro	2	Howard Twp	3
Millheim	1	Haston	3
Milesburg	3	Liberty	4
Philipsburg—1st W	3	Marion	1
" 2d. W	4	Miles	3
" 3d. W	3	Patton	3
Unionville	2	Penn	1
Benner Twp	3	Potter North P	1
Boggs East P	3	" South P	2
" West P	4	Rush North P	4
" North	2	" South P	2
Burnside	2	Snow Shoe East P	4
College East P	4	" West P	2
" West P	2	Spring North P	3
Curtin	1	" South P	3
Ferguson, East P	2	" West P	3
North P	3	Taylor	2
Gregg, North P	1	Union	3
" East P	1	Walker	3
" West P	1	Worth	3
Total number of delegates			121
Necessary to choice in nomination			61

The primary elections for delegates will be held under the supervision of the District Committeemen, who will see that the proper election officers are designated and in attendance.

In the Borough of Bellefonte, Centre Hall, Howard, Millheim, Milesburg, Philipsburg Unionville and South Philipsburg and the Townships of Howard, Potter, Snow Shoe, Union, Rush, Spring, Boggs, Worth Harris and Ferguson, the Polls will open at 7 P. M. and close at 9 P. M., and in the remaining districts will open at 2 P. M. and close at 4 P. M.

WILBUR F. REEDER,
Chairman.

President Harrison has issued his proclamation setting apart Friday, October 21st, as a National Holiday, and asking that the people refrain from usual occupation and fittingly observe the day as the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America. Reference has been made in these columns that the proposition made by the National Bureau of Education, and seconded by the President in his proclamation that the public schools should take the matter in hand. Should the Bellefonte schools take charge of the exercises it is time that the initiative steps be taken. Let the schools inaugurate and the people join in.

THE IAMS CASE.

The barbarous and unprecedented punishment of young Iams by Colonel Streator, under the sanction of General Snowden, has been a leading topic of conversation in this place ever since it occurred, and, while many have denounced it as cruel and uncivilized, we have not heard a single man speak in its favor.

This unreasonable, and, as we believe, unlawful, punishment of young Iams may be far-reaching and much more serious in its effect than one would at first suppose.

We see the great importance in this Homestead case of having our National Guards that can be called out at a moment's warning to defend our homes and see that our laws are obeyed. In order that this protection may be kept up, it is important that young men should be encouraged to enlist in this service. We confidently believe that this barbarous treatment of Iams will prevent thousands of young men in our State from enlisting in this service, while many others now in the service, in consequence of this will, at their earliest opportunity, withdraw; so that time will only tell its ruinous effects.

We do not wish it understood that we write now in defense of Private Iams, or that we justify what he said and did. It was all wrong, and he deserved reasonable punishment. But before inflicting this punishment Iams had the right of a hearing before a regularly constituted court martial, after giving him ten days' notice of the charges against him. And it is a disputed question whether, after a hearing, they had the right to inflict corporal punishment in militia camp that was not under martial law.

Mr. Frick made thousands of friends over the county when he said to the man who had drawn his revolver to shoot Berkman, his would-be assassin; "Don't hurt him; he is in the hands of the law; it will punish him." These were noble words, that were supposed at the time to come from a dying man, and proved that he was a law-abiding citizen. And we venture to say that no one will be more grieved than he to know that this boy Iams has been so cruelly punished without a hearing or trial. OBSERVER.

Huntingdon, July 26.

DO FARMERS WANT DIRECT TAXATION?

In Discussing the Tariff it should be remembered that we have to consider only duties upon imports. We levy no duties on exports. Whatever our people produce to sell abroad goes out to our foreign customers free of any export tax. But why should we levy import duties? Well it cost during the last fiscal year $365,000,000 to carry on our Government. We raised $145,000,000 by our internal revenue taxes upon alcoholic liquors and tobacco, $4,000,000 by the sale of public lands and $23,000,000 from miscellaneous sources. These sums left $193,000,000 to be raised in some other way.

How should this be done? By direct taxation on property? Have our farmers, who are more heavily taxed than any other class of the community, considered what would be the burden upon them? What would be the condition of that great industry which produces the prime necessities of life, and is more than any other the source of our comfort and wealth, if obliged to pay in addition to its present large share in sustaining State, country, and municipal government, its portion of $193,000,000 for national expenses? What then would be the value of farm lands, and when would the farm mortgages, so much talked about and lied about by our political opponents, be paid? —*Congressman Milliken.*

DOWN WITH ANARCHY!

The probability that the attempt to assassinate H. C. FRICK was the outcome of a deliberately planned Anarchist conspiracy grows stronger daily. The police should not relax their efforts until all the details of the plot are ferreted out and every one of the villians concerned in it is in the hands of the law. It is society, government and order which the depraved and malignant Anarchists are warring against. They should be taught that the forces of order are too powerful for them to assail. The wretches that plot murder and preach dynamite must be hunted down.

THE American people are just now getting a good object lesson in the blessings of the much lauded cheapness of the Free-Trade "reformer." It is cheapness, which is at the bottom of the Homestead troubles—cheapness in the iron and steel market such as it never presented before. If steel billets and pig iron could command a little better prices in this country to-day there would be no talk of trouble between iron and steel workers and their employers. They are simply getting a taste of cheapness. Do they want any more of it?

RECEPTION TO A LOVED PASTOR.

Rev. Edgar T. Johnston, Presbyterian minister at Philipsburg, was tendered a farewell reception last Thursday evening. Although the stay of the Reverend gentleman has been brief in that town he has made hosts of friends who regret his departure to a new field of labor. Refreshments were served by the ladies to all who attended.

THE STORM KING IN CLINTON COUNTY AND VICINTY.

Last week Wednesday a severe storm visited Lock Haven and vicinity. The Daily *Express*, of that city, gives the following account of the fury of the storm.

The thunder storm that passed over portions of Clinton county Wednesday afternoon did great damage to growing crops and fruit trees. The storm struck this city about half-past three o'clock, and came from the northwest. The cloud was black and threatening as it advanced, and the rainfall after the storm commenced was heavy. There was a considerable fall of hail which, though small, did much damage to gardens, fruit and growing crops in the fields. The wind blew a gale and in parts of the First ward of this city the wind had something of the nature of a whirldwind, and before the storm was over blew from all points of the compass.

When the storm was over the effects of the wind could be seen everywhere. Dozens of fine shade and fruit trees were blown down, and limbs of trees were scattered about through the streets. Chimneys were blown off the houses and several stables and other small buildings were unroofed. A stable a short distance below the passenger depot was entirely demolished by the force of the wind and is a complete wreck.

At Ricker's foundry when the storm struck the building the doors were open and the force of the wind crushed them to atoms. The whole interior of the building was filled with dust and many valuable patterns were broken by being thrown against the wall of the building. The bay window of a residence near the foundry was blown in and dashed to splinters.

There has never been a storm in this city that caused the destruction of so many shade trees in the First ward. Many of the trees were over a foot in diameter and yet they were broken off as squarely as a man could break a pipe stem.

IN THE COUNTY DISTRICT.

The heaviest of the storm was east of this city and as far east as Jersey Shore the storm was severe. On the farm of Mrs. Fleming, a short distance east of the city line, a tobacco shed in process of erection, was blown down. About 100 feet in length of the frame work of the shed had been raised and was ready for roofing. The wind blew the building from its foundation, and completely demolished it.

Between Liberty and Chatham's Run the destruction of fruit trees was great. The fall of hail in that section was not so heavy and the damage to the tobacco crop is not nearly so great as at first was feared. The hail fell only over narrow strips of territory, and in most of the fields where the hail fell the thickest the tobacco is small and is but little damaged. Some fields of fine, large tobacco, however, are said to be badly damaged in portions of the field, while in other parts of the same fields the effect of hail on the tender leaves cannot be seen. The corn crop too was badly damaged, by the wind, the stalks being broken and whole fields flat to the ground.

THE LIGHTNING'S STROKE.

So far as can be learned a tree on Main street was the only object struck by lightning in this city. Near Jersey Shore the barn on the farm of Dr. H. H. Martin, was struck and burned with its contents. This morning's Williamsport Gazette and Bulletin says: One horse was killed. The barn was set on fire, and in fifteen minutes afterwards was a seething mass of flames. All the animals, with the exception of the one killed, were rescued from the burning building. Everything else in the building was destroyed, a large amount of hay and wheat being burned up.

The tobacco shed in which were a number of agricultural implements, also caught fire and was burned to the ground, together with its contents. A corn crib, containing 200 bushels of old corn, and all the outbuildings adjacent to the barn were burned to the ground.

Dr. Martin's loss will reach $2,500. M. B. Waddle, who put in the wheat, estimates his loss at $250.

A PLEASURE STEAMER WRECKED.

The same paper states that during the Storm the Steamer City of Williamsport was on its way to Nippeno Park, with a number of passengers, including several ladies. At the beginning of the storm the steamer was run in to shore, and later on resumed its journey. Owing to the thick weather and rough water the steamer ran afoul of a water soaked log, tearing a hole in the hull below the water line. As soon as the accident became known there was great confusion on board as it was feared the boat would sink. Fortunately, however, it was beeched just in time, as it had been making water very fast. The passengers were badly frightened.

THE FORCE OF THE STORM.

Some idea of the force of the wind may be gained when it is stated that at the residence of Mr. McCurdy, in Dunnstable township, the roof of a washhouse was blown off, carried over the top of the dwelling house and lodged in the top of a large cherry tree.

On the farm of Mrs. Alexander Stewart, in the same township, a corn crib about forty feet long was blown down and completely wrecked.

It is reported that a barn in Wayne township was blown down and demolished but the report cannot be confirmed.

Go to the Eureka Grocery, High street Bellefonte, for your groceries. New goods received every day, and George Marshall, one of the handsomest and most obliging clerks in the county, to attend to you.

MARRIAGE LICENSES

Daniel W Wordon and Annie B Keller, both of Spring township.

Theodore A Cramer, son of John and Rebecca Cramer, and Annie B Etters, daughter of Delila Etters, all of Snow Shoe.

Edward E Gill, son of Amos and Elizabeth Gill, and Ella E Puff, daughter of John and Amelia Puff, of Pleasant Gap.

Frederick C Hartman to Mary C Mining both of Wolfs Store.

R W Colger, son of William and Frances Colger, and Lizzie M Burns, daughter of Jack and Mary Burns, of Saulsburg, Huntingdon county.

John R Eckley and Eliza J Heaton, of Boggs township.

Linnie Wertend, of Ashcroft, and Adilla Dervent, of Philipsburg.

Mike Dolyaczki, of Lancashire Mines, and Susanna Gill, of Philipsburg.

Carl D Motz, son of Emanuel and Henrietta Motz, and Mertie E Wolf, daughter of Robert M and Susan Wolf, of Woodford.

Charles D Hopkins, son of John B and Margaret Hopkins, and Carrie M. Pletcher, daughter of Sarah E Pletcher, of Howard.

Albert Clark and Ester White, both of Rush twp.

Lewis D. Orndorf and M. E. Weaver, both of Woodward, Pa.

Carl W. Haught, of Cherry Run, Union county, and Cora B. Robison, of Coburn.

D. W. Johnstonbaugh and Jennie E. Cronomiller, both of Benore, Pa.

Reuben P. Miller and Hattie E. Smith, both of Spring Mills, Pa.

Benjamin Bradly, of Bellefonte, and Lillian Baney, of Spring twp.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS

William H Eby and wife to Maurice C Eby and others, lot of ground in Rush township, Consideration, $100; deed dated June 20, 1892.

Wm Herto to Catharine Swires lot of ground in Central City. Consideration, $200; deed dated April 4, 1866.

John C Swires, wife and others to Alois Kohlbecker, lot of ground in Central City. Consideration, $200; deed dated July 20, 1892.

Joseph Swires to Alois Kohlbecher, lot of ground in Central City. Consideration, $1; deed dated July 22, 1892.

D L Lutz and wife to Philipsburg Beef Co., lot of ground in Rush township. Consideration, $525; deed dated June 22 1892.

Daniel Irvin and wife to Daniel Weller, lot of ground in Huston township. Consideration, $200; deed dated July 14, 1892.

Cyrus Goss, treasurer, to James Neff lot of ground in Walker township. Consideration, $3.33; deed dated August 16 1888.

Floyd Bishop to Porter E Swingle, lot of ground in Haines township. Consideration, $500; deed dated July 20, 1892.

Porter E Swingle to Benjamin F Swingle lot of ground in Haines township Consideration, $1200, deed dated July 20, 1892.

FIRE AT CLEARFIELD.

Clearfield town was visited by a destructive fire last Friday morning. A special to the Philipsburg *Journal* says: The fire broke out about 10 o'clock; and before it could be gotten under control, totally destroyed C. G. Hackman's furniture store; Stewart & Spackman's grocery; the butcher shop of Conklins & Ogden, and a building occupied by Samuel Gearhart, in which was stored quite a number of stoves. The loss at this time is not definitely known, but it will be quite heavy, the insurance falling far short. The origin of the fire is a mystery, but many consider it the work of an incediary.

The Eureka Grocery Bellefonte, next door to Post office, is receiving new goods every day and find it difficult to keep up their stock if the new railroad is not built soon we do not know what they will do.

STATE CAMP P. O. S. OF A. PRIZES TO BE AWARDED.

The committee in charge of the arrangements for the 48th session of the State Camp, P. O. S. of A., to be held at Shamokin on August 23, 24 and 25, expect that at least 3.000 members of the order and 50 bands will take part in the parade on the latter date. The following prizes will be awarded: $100 to the largest camp in line; $25 to the second largest camp in line; $50 to the camp coming the greatest distance $50 to the camp making the best appearance in line $25 to camp making second best appearance; $50 to largest commandery in line; $50 silk flag to the best drilled commandery in line; a set of officer's regalias and emblems to the best drilled camp in line.

—Quite a delegation of Philipsburgers attended the meeting of the Grand Lodge of Good Templars at Pittsburg last week. Their was at one time a lodge of this order in Bellefonte but it died out. This is to be regretted for such an organization could do good temperance work and every method to do good for this worthy cause should be employed.

THE PEOPLE'S PARTY CONVENTION HELD LAST SATURDAY IN PITTSBURG TO NOMINATE CANDIDATES FOR A COUNTY TICKET FOR ALLEGHENY COUNTY.

Some days ago a call was issued for a convention for the People's party, of Allegheny Co, to assemble in convention and nominate a ticket to be supported at the coming election. The call was as follows:

PEOPLE'S PARTY MASS CONVENTION.

Citizens of Allegheny County, irrespective of their late political affiliations, who will at the next presidential election vote for the People's Party nominees, and thus endorse the second Declaration of Independence, are invited to attend a Mass Convention in the city of Pittsburg, July 30th, 1892, at three o'clock P M., at Curry University Hall, corner Sixth St. and Penn Ave., to nominate a People's Party County Ticket and otherwise organize for the campaign now in progress.

By order of the Committee

C. A. Burrows, Chairman.
T. J. Rooney, Sec.

Pursuant to above call the Mass Convention met on Saturday, July 30. The convention was called to order by chairman of county committee C. A. Burrows who read the call that had been previously issued and made a short address, in which he compared the condition of the working people to that of the Isrealites when Pharoah held them in bondage.

J. G. McGonnell was chosen Chairman of the convention, and delivered a brief address, after which the regular buisness of the convention was taken up.

T. J. Rooney was elected Secretary of the meeting and the President suggested the appointment of a committee on resolutions. The following are the names of the committee appointed: J. H. Stevenson, W. H. Lose, L. R. Thomas, William Hodly, J.R. Murphy.

There were three ladies present representing the Farmer's Alliance. It was decided that the ladies should be recognized as members of the convention with the right to speak and vote on all questions. The Resolution Committee retired, and in a very short time reported the following which was adopted.

PREAMBLE

WHEREAS, We believe that the two old political parties, after years of pretended efforts, have proved themselves either unwilling or unable to so conduct the affairs of Government as to secure to our people that highly prosperous condition possible under our form of government and our highly favored country: that for years past all legislation has been in the interest of the credit class and against the debit class; that while pretending to favor the working classes they have steadily legislated the reverse that while favoring protection to home industry, they have broken the same down by upholding a vicious money policy, and in every way have been reducing our people to the low wage system of despotic Europe: and.

Whereas, We realize the vexation and even obloquy that follows when the individual voter breaks off his allegiance to an existing party yet we deem it an absolute necessity to form a new party for the purpose of reversing. the bad policies under which millionaires and mendicauts are the natural products and.

Where as, after a thorough study of the existing conditions, we firmly believe it is possible to better the condition of at least 90 per cent of our people by proper laws, wherein and whereby not idleness but industry, will be subserved, and under proper regulations no man within our borders need beg either for work or bread but all may be profitably employed at honest toil. That this is not our condition now is not to be attributed to any lack of inteligence on the part of the old party politicians, for they thoroughly understand the subject, Therefore,

Resolved, That we this day pledge ourselves each to the other to an honest, earnest and faithful loyalty to the People's party; that we will labor for the success of its candidates, and earnestly recommend to every voter to study the admirable platform of principles adopted July 4, inst at Omaha.

Resolved. That on minor subjects not concerned directly with party politics we declare hostility to arming foreign mercenaries to overawe and crush out organized labor—this being a reflection on the power of the State to govern itself, and in our opinion is unconstitutional.

Resolved. That we are in favor of impartial arbitration in the settlement of disputes between labor and capital, rather than the resort to an armed force either State or otherwise.

Resolved. That we believe the people should have the power to propose legislation as well as to vote direct upon all laws passed by legislative bodies.

Resolved. That all our candidates shall be required to subscribe to our platform of principles as this day adopted.

Resolved. That while we seek to effect the success of the candidates of the People's party we desire to have no one in our ranks only such as can in good conscience support our platform or code of principles, and who are loyal to the State and nation. Nominations were then taken up and the following nominations made for legislature Second district J. H. Stevenson, J. K. Barbour; Third, R. J. Unsinger and Dr. G. T. Whiston; Sixth, George T. Burton; Seventh, Thomas Greenfield and C. A. Burrows.

FOR SENATE.

Forty-fifth district Willian Hordly.

FOR CONGRESS.

Twenty second district, T. J. McGonnell

As candidates could only be found for a few districts, the vacancies were left to be filled by a committee of thirteen which will also act as an executive committee during the campaign. The following are the committee J. H. Stevenson G. M. Murphy. Thomas Greenfield, William Hodby, C. A. Burrows, W. H. Loos, James T. Whitson, James Graham, George Philsack, T. J. Rooney, Alexander Wood, George I. Burton and L. R. Thomas.

The following resolutions was adopted

Resolved that the attack made by the Pittsburg *Leader* on the character of Mrs. Mary E. Lease, a champion of the People's party, is ungallant and disgraceful, and merits our severest censur.

After some remarks by Dr. J. T Whiston, the colored nominee for the Legislature, the convention closed, leaving all unfinished business and the control of the campaign in the hands of the Executive Committee.

STRIKES AND LOCKOUTS.

There was a time when strikers were very rare, indeed. It was when capital owned labor and kept it in subjection and on the verge of starvation. Slaves can't strike.

Education and enlightenment taught labor its own power, then it struck for greater liberty.

Greater liberty caused it to strike for greater pay.

With greater pay came increased opportunities for intelectual improvment, and organization followed.

Now with united front workingmen pressed on for greater and even greater concessions from their employers, which granted, fed their desire far more.

From the defensive they now take the offensive, demanding instead of entreating.

That the way they do it in this country, because here the laborer has been elevated to the plane of the capitalist, enjoying greater liberty and receiving higher wages then anywhere else on earth.

It is not so in other countries. In India and China and Russia strikes are even now as seldom heard of as they are among the ancestors of our American workingmen 500 years ago, when they wore the collars of their Lords. Labor is too weak and servile to strike in those countries.

As we ascend the scale of enlightenment and liberty, we find labor organizations and labor disturbance becoming ever more and more frequent.

In Spain labor strikes sometimes. In Germany it strikes more frequently. In France still more frequently.

If to better the condition of the working people, to point the way to education, to greater liberty and independence, to foster and develope the genous for intelligent organization of servile dependents on their masters to a plane of equality and equal advantage with their employers —if to do these things, is to cause strikes and lockouts, then does Protection cause strikes and lockouts. But on no other possible assumption.

—At the Eureka Grocery, High St. Bellefonte, you will find a fine assortment of all kinds of groceries that they sell these goods at the lowest market price. That they are of the best quality that the clerks at this store are pleasant and accomodating men who it is a pleasure to deal with, no one can deny try them.

—The American people spend $12,000,000 a year for letter postage.

CANDIDATE ANNOUNCEMENTS.

We are authorized to announce the name of O. J. Spotts, of Union township, as a candidate for the legislature, subject to the decision of the republican county convention.

Mrs. Anna Sutherland

Kalamazoo, Mich., had swellings in the neck, or From her 10th **Goitre** year, causing **40 Years** great suffering. When she caught cold could not walk two blocks without fainting. She took

Hood's Sarsaparilla

And is now free from it all. She has urged many others to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and they have also been cured. It will do you good.

HOOD'S PILLS Cure all Liver Ills, jaundice, sick headache, billousness, sour stomach, nausea.

PILES "ANAKESIS" gives instant relief and is an infallible Cure for Piles. Price $1. By Druggists or mail. Samples free. Address "ANAKESIS," Box 2416, New York City.

TELEGRAPHY.

A young man or woman who desires to become a Telegraph operator, may hear of an unusual opportunity to learn by addressing W. W. DUNLAP, 606 N. 8th St., Philadelphia, Pa. 23 24 4t

FOR SALE.—A Truss for children from two weeks to four years old. Pronounced by one of the best physicians in Bellefonte to be the best article known for the use it is intended. Will not hurt the child or prevent it from growing, and is waaranted to cure the trouble. Apply to Charles Garrett, No 230 S. Spring street, Bellefonte. Prices reasonable V23 No27 tf

This is the season of the year
When the clerk at ten a week
Begins to think of a summer spot
When fun and rest he'll seek.

He goes away for a fortnight short
And does his level best;
But summer girls get all the fun,
And the landlords gets the rest.

—A man never gets too deaf to get a hearing in court.

—East Tyrone has been made a part of the borough of Tyrone.

—The Huntingdon Reformatory consumes 1425 pounds of ice daily.

—A short engagement and a merry one is the motto of the summer girl.

—Post Master Warfel, of Philipsburg, has 150 call boxes to rent to the pnblic.

—One Man—My wife is eternally gadding about. She is never at home. Is yours?

Another Man—Don't know. I'm never at home enough to find out. What will you take?

—The prosperity of Bellefonte ought to be the first thought and wish of every citizen of the place.

—Women are braver than men. It is not the men who first tackle the ice cream to see if it is poisoned or not.

George Marshal, of the Eureka grocery, High street, Bellefonte, is still at the old place selling groceries almost at cost. Call and see him.

—The Jr. O. N. A. M., of Philipsburg, will hold their first annual basket picnic at Royal Arcanum Park next week Thursday Aug. 11.

—Bellefonte Base ball team played Houtzdale last Friday, winning by a score of 1 to 3. This places Bellefonte second in the Mountain League games, Philipsburg having first place.

—There will be a band festival at State College on Friday and Saturday evenings August 12 and 13, for the benefit of the State College band. It will be a pleasant gathering and abundance of fine music.

—It is stated that a horse can live twenty-five days without eating solid food, merely drinking water, seventeen days without eating or drinking, and only five days when eating solid food without drinking.

—The will of David McMurtrie, late of Huntingdon; Pa., was admitted to probate week before last and gave over $100,000 in special bequets. He was an uncle of David McMurtrie Gregg, our present Auditor General.

The Lock Haven *Democrat* issued an industrial edition last Saturday of twelve pages, giving information in relation to the advantage of that city for buisness and its present grouth and prosperity. The effort is verp creditable to that paper and should be appreciated by the people of Lock Haven.

—An editor once wrote a dance puff saying: "Her dainty feet were encased in shoes that might have been taken for fairy boots," but the blundering compositor made it read, "Her dirty feet were encased in shoes that might have been taken for ferry boats." And now that editor is hiding from the public view.

The New York Herald has announced a novel plan for the present presidential campaign. To the person who most nearly predicts the popular plurality of either Cleveland or Harrison, it will give a free trip around the world, paying all expenses; to the person making the second best prediction it will provide a trip to London and return. Competition will be open to residents of all parts of the United States, the only conditions being that the prediction must be made on a ballot which is printed in the Herald every morning. Any one can make as many predictions as he has ballots.

—Last Friday afternoon during the severe storm that passed over this section two little sons of Michel Corman, of Zion, were out looking after the safety of two pet rabbits when the lightning struck a wire clothes line, the fluid running along the wire to the rabbit house, killed the rabbits and shocked the boys into insensibility. They were immediately brought to the house where they were soon restored to consciousness. Many accidents have occured this year where wire clothes lines were the direct cause; these wires should not be connected with the house or if they are they should be grounded to be safe but a saffer way yet would be to use the old clothes lines that our grandmothers used instead of the modern ones made of iron.

—A gypsy entered one of our houses yesterday and inveigled one of the inmates into having her fortune told. Casting a solemn eye heavenward the daughter of Egypt looked wise and proceeded. She told her among other things that she had a dress which would give her bad luck as long as she would wear it. The fair damsel asked her to tell her what dress it was, and the sharp one replied, "just let me see the dresses and I will tell you." All the frocks were produced and, of course, the best in the lot was the one picked out as the one that was doing the mischief. She insisted on the gypsy taking the dress, but this she would not do under any circumstances, and left the house. In about an hour another "gyp" entered and asked for seme old clothes, and in the twinkling of an eye the dress that had the "ban" put upon it was produced and given her, and the black-haired daughter of thunder walked out looking wiser than the first. What fools these mortals be?—Tyrone correspondent Harrisburg *Patriot*.

THE LIGHTNING'S STROKE DEATH FOLLOWS.

Mr and Mrs John S Runk, with their family of five son live on a farm about two miles from hilipsburg in Decatur township in Clearefd county, on Tuesday evening July 26 aout six oclock two of the sons were at spper, when a terrible storm arose the boys heard a crash near the house, caused by the falling of the limb of an apple tree, blown down by the lightening. J. Tom Runk, the youngest a lad 10 years old was instantly killed. and Wallace the oher was rendered unconcious George aother son sells milk in Philipsburg, his prents had gone to assist him to load his wagon for his trip when the horse beame frightened and ran George was in the vagon and although it was overturned three times he retained his place until the last time his parents expected to find him crippled or killed, but were rejoiced to find him unhurt upon returning to the louse they found the other two boys on the porch apparently dead. Their cries brought the neighbors when Wallace was found to be alive and was finally restored to conciousness. The survivors of the young man that was killed are Mr and Mrs John Runk, Charles W who is proprietor of Decatur Mill, Wallace who was injured by the lightning George the dairyman and Ross, the youngest of the family aged 13 years.

The family have the sympathy of the entire community in this sad berevement. The funeral took place on Friday July 29, at the M. E. Church at Philipsburg, Rev. T. S. Wilcox assisted by Rev. W. H. Lingenfelter officiated. Interments in Philipsburg cemetery.

WAS IT SUICIDE.

(From Philipsburg Journal of July 27)

This morning about 7 oclock when Mr. W. F. Meese chief miller in the employ of Captain C.T. Fryberger opened the door in the rear of the mill, he was surprised to find an individual on the siding in close proximity in a kneeling position with his head resting between the railroad ties. He walked up to the person, and supposing he was drunk, turned him over. He was shocked to find that he had little or no life in him, and immediatly reported the affair.

In a very little while Dr. H. W. Buckingham and a crowd of other persons, had arrived on the scene, and an examination quickly revealed that he was dead. The individual was identified as Nichols Lockey a miner employed at Boltic mines, and for six weeks past has boarded with Wm. Thomas at Point Lookout.

Dr Buckingham who is county coroner ordered the removal of his body to Haworth Bros. undertaking rooms, where an examination was made.

While at work in the mine on Monday Lockey was seized with a chill. He quit work and wended his way to his boarding house. Soon after he came up town, drew his money and began drinking. He had frequently been having domestic troubles, and on this account began telling his friends that he intended committing suicide that night. He was still drinking hard yesterday, and kept on repeating his intention of ending his existence. Little attention was paid to his threats, thinking they were simply the words of an intoxicated individual who scarcly knew what he was talking about. When his lifeless body was discovered this morning, on which was found a bottle of whiskey and an unopend package of "Rough on Rats;" it was the general opinion that he had poisoned himself. This looks to be plausible, but there are those who think that in his exausted condition, the result of a two days drunk, he may have fallen on the ties in a position in which he was found and being unable to help himself died from a rush of blood to the head.

The unfortunate man is survived by a wife and two children residing at Ashcroft.

THE GRAND LODGE OF GOOD TEMPLARS.

The thirty-ninth annual session of the Grand Lodge of Good Templars of Pennsylvania, at Pittsburg last week, elected the following officers for the ensuing term: Grand chief, W. H. Morgan; grand vice templar, Mrs. H. W. Shaffer; grand counselor, J. T. Painter; grand superintendent of juvenile work, Miss S. Ella Stern; grand secretary, Charles E. Steel; grand treasure Harry Dean. The officers were installed by Hon. S. B. Chase. West Chester was named as the place for holding the next meeting, the time being set for the third Tuesday in July.

In speaking of this meeting the Philipsburg *Journal* of last Monday says:

The number of delegates at this session was the largest in the history of the order in this State, and their deliberations were characterized by a determination to have their order become stronger and more potent in its benefits to mankind. Especial attention was paid to the educational features connected with the order and impetus given them by practical showings of their great need and value. Right here let us say that Philipsburg is ahead on this point, a class of five young men having been organized in this city a short time ago for the purpose of taking three years' course in the "Course of Study," and was the first in the State.

COLORED PEOPLE PICNIC.

The colored people of Philipsburg to the number of forty held a picnice last Thursday at Bilzer's Artic Springs. They were met by the proprietor and courteously given the freedom of the grounds. The weather was fine and they had a very enjoyable day.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

Major William J. Singer has returned from Homestead where he had gone with the soldier boys at the call of the governor to suppress disorder in that much disturbed town and is confined to his house with sickness. This is unfortunate for the Major as he is candidate for District Attorney and as there is less than a week now until the meeting of the Democratic county convention he is forced by this unfortunate indisposition to lose much valuable time which will no doubt be improved by his opponent, J. M. Keichline, Esq., who is leaving no stone unturned to win an honor which many in his own party think him hardly qualified for. And again, his democratic opponents say that he has made a fortune as tax collector of Bellefonte and ought to be satisfied; they say further that he is better at sending out postal card duns than he would be in prosecuting causes for the county; that if he was elected he could not conduct any important case in our courts. That the only case he ever did have before a Jury was so rediculous that it would have made a horse laugh; that it did drive the court from the bench to the library room and convulsed the whole bar and audience with uproarous laughter. We might quote a part of that speech but we are afraid if we should post master Fiedler would exclude the REPUBLICAN from the mails, that when he was admitted to the bar it was the understanding that he should not practic in Centre county courts, but that when he was admitted he just settled right here which led a prominent democratic lawyer and Judge to propose that more stringent rules should be adopted for the admission of lawyers to practice in this court. That more stringent rules were adopted and under these rules Mr. Singer was admitted; that Mr. S— is a young man of ability; that he would honor the position; that, he has the ability to fill it; that, in fact, he would make a very good district attorney; and so these democrats pull each others hair (so to speak) but then this is all democratic talk with which we republicans have nothing to do and we do not hold ourselves responsible for these opinions expressed by our political apponents. We are going to nominate John Kline for the responsible position and elect him, too, for he is a lawyer of great ability well learned in the law, of whom it is said by all. He is the best read man in law at the Bellefonte bar. This is the kind of officer the people want. Mr. Kline has more ability than any man the democratic party can turn out and the people want the best man.

COUNCIL MEETING.

The Bellefonte Borough Council met last Monday evening, the president being absent Expresident Geo. L. Potter was called to the chair. The members present were Potter, Jamison, Garman, Longacre, Bauer.

The minutes of last meeting were read by clerk Issac Mitchel and approved, The application of an Italian to sell trinkets on High street near the Bush House was refused. The clerk read the report of street committee who made the tour of the town to look after the condition of the pavement. It was a long document and from it it was learned that many pavements were in bad condition. The owners of property will be required to fix them.

The water committee reported a hydrant put in at the Evangelical church at a cost of $875.

The Financial committee thought Mr. Al Garman made a report as to the financial condition of the borough.

The borough solicitor then read the law in relation to council meeting and transacting business without a quorum. He explained that all acts done when a legal quorum was not present or in which the requisite number did not concur were void. He thought that bills might be approved when a legal quorum was not present or that a majority of finance committee might approve bills legally if the council would approve their action at the next or a subsequent meeting. He said that a councilman who continued to hold office but neglected his duty would be liable to a fine of twenty five dollars. The council then adjourned.

DEAD SEA FRUITS.

They slay multitudes when they are the product of neglect or incipient disease. A slight cold, a fit of indigestion, billiousness or constipation each or any of these minor "diseases" advance in many cases with league-destroying strides. Give them a swift, early defeat with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters and avert the danger. Abernethy administered an alarming rebuke to the man who informed him that he had "only a cold." "Only a cold," repeated the doctor. "What would ye have—the plague?" Rheumatism and la grippe are easily extinguishable at the start. Why then alloy them to get up a full head of steam. Put on the brakes with the Bitters. The genial warmth which this superb medicine diffuses through the system the impetus it gives to the circulation of the blood, its soothening and strengthening effect upon the nervous, specially recommend it to the enfeebled and sick. 'Tis the great specific for malaria.

—Col. William Shortlidge and councilman R. L. Dartt have presented a petition to court asking that a rule be granted showing cause why William T. Hillibish president of the Bellefonte borough council should not resign his position or have his office as councilman declared vacant. The petition sets forth that Mr. Hillibish furnished supplies to the borough while a member of council.

Hood's Sarsaparilla absolutely cures all diseases caused by impure blood and it builds up the whole system.

DEATH OF JAMES FULTON A SOLDIER OF TWO WARS.

Last Tuesday afternoon at 3—15 oclock P. M. at his home near Valentines' Furnace, James Fulton an old citizen and the hero of two wars, died of heart disease after an illness of about thirteen weeks. Part of this time he was able to be about but on Sunday, July 24, he attended the funeral of S. A. Brew and the next day he took his bed from which he was never destined to rise again. His age was 65 years, 11 months and 16 days. He was born at Curtin's works, this county. When he knew that death was at hand he made all preparations for his funeral requesting that he might be buried from the Forge church and that his old pastor, Rev. G. P. Sarvis, who until last year had been for five years his christian teacher, should preach the sermon and that Gregg Post, No 95, G. A. R.. of Bellefonte, should take charge of the funeral and that he should be buried with the honors of war. Mr. Fulton was an earnest, consistant member of the Methodist church. His wife and three daughters died about five years ago of typhoid fever He leaves now but three children, Viz Mattie Fulton, Mrs Pat Toner and Harry Fulton, the latter is now living in Illinois. As we have said he was the hero of two wars and was always called a first class soldier, brave and true. When trouble with Mexico arose he shouldered his musket and went to the war. He enlisted on March 13, 1847, in the eleventh Regiment and in company D, of which W. H. Irvin was captain. He served faithfully until August 16, 1848, when he was honorably discharged at Fort Hamilton, New York, and returned home to Bellefonte.

In 1861 when President Lincoln called for volenteers to crush the great rebelion Mr. Fulton again answered the call of his counry and turned his face sternly to the battle's front. On April 11, 1861, he enlisted in company H, second Pennsylvania Vol., of which John B. Mitchel was captain for the three month's service; from this he was mustered out at Harrisburg on August 11 and on next day Aug. 12, 1861, enlisted for three years in company E, First Penna. Cavalry, and served faithfully until the end of the time under Captain J. Newman. He was again honorably discharged at Warrenton Va., Dec. 3, 1863, and again enlisted for three years and served until the war closed. The funeral will take place tomorrow Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

NAMES OF REPUBLICAN SUGESTED FOR COUNTY OFFICES.

Below we give some of the names we have heard suggested for the various county offices and ask our friends to suggest others.

FOR ASSEMBLY.

John F. Harter, of Millheim; J. F. Lever, of Stormstown; Andrew Gregg, of Centre Hall; A. A. Dale, of Bellefonte; E. I. Walker, of Boggs Township, Thomas Way, of Port Matilda

FOR PROTHONOTARY

Cyrus Gross, of Centre Hall; W. E. Tyson, of Philipsburg; Andrew Lytle, of State College.

FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY

John Kline, of Bellefonte.

FOR ASSOCIATE JUDGE

Henry Stevens, of Loveville; P. B. Waddle, of Buffalo Run; David Harshberger, of Hublersburg; A. B. Rishel, of Oak Hall.

FEMALE WEAKNESS,—SURE CURE.

To THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the thousand and one ills which arise from deranged female organs. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any lady if they will send their Express and P. O. address. Yours respectfully, DR. W. B. MARCHISI, 90 Genessee St., Utica, N. Y. 30 4t

DIED—On the mountain above Coleville near Bellefonte, on Monday afternoon, Aug 1, at 2 o'clock P. M., Mrs. William Alexander, aged 76 years, 6 months and 7 days. Mrs. Alexander has been in delecate health for the last five years and during the last six months has grown steadily worse until the end came. Kind friends have done a' they could to soften her pathway to the tomb. She was a sister of Geo. W. Thomas, Mrs. Thomas Burnside, of Bellefonte, and H. H. Rothrick, of Lock Haven, and a sister in-law of the late S. A. Bew, of Bellefonte. The funeral was last Wednesday at two o'clock from her mountain home.

The children's health must not be neglected. Cold in the head causes catarrh. Ely's Cream Balm cures at once. It is perfectly safe and is easily applied into the nostrils. The worst cases yield to it. 50c.

One of my children had a very bad discharge from her nose. Two physicians prescribed, but without benefit. We tried Ely's Cream Balm, and, much to our surprise, there was a marked improvement. We continued using the Balm and in a short time the discharge was cured.—O. A. Cary, Corning, N. Y.

COURT PROCLAMATION—Whereas, the Hon. A. O. Furst, President Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of the 49th Judicial district, consisting of the counties of Centre and Huntingdon, and the Hon. Daniel Rhoads and the Hon. Thomas F. Riley, Associate Judges in Centre, having issued their precept bearing date the 30th day July, of 1892, to me directed for holding a Court of Oyer and Terminer and general Jail Delivery and Quarter Sessions of the Peace in Bellefonte, for the county of Centre, and commence on the 4th Monday of August the 22nd day of August, 1892, and to continue two weeks. Notice is hereby given to the Coroner. Justices of the Peace, Aldermen and Constables of said county of Centre, that they be then and there in their proper persons, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, with their records, inquisitions, examinations, and their own remembrances, to do those things which to their office appertains to be done, and those who are bound in recognizances to prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the jail of Centre county, be then or there to prosecute against them shall be just.

Give under my hand, at Bellefonte, the 30th day of July, in the year of our Lord, 1892, and the one hundred and fifteenth year of the Independence of the United States.

WM. A. ISHLER, Sheriff.

23 30 4t

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."
DR. G. C. OSGOOD, Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."
DR. J. F. KINCHELOE, Conway, Ark.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."
H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."
UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY, Boston, Mass.
ALLEN C. SMITH, Pres.

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

AND YET DEMOCRATS OPPOSE RECIPROCITY.

Reciprocal trading under the new treaty began with Cuba September 1, 1891. Our exports to that country in the first eight months increased in round numbers fifty per cent., and in the fiscal year just ended equaled in value nearly $20,000,000.

In the first eight months our flour exports to Cuba doubled, and in important articles of manufacture, among them steam engines and boilers, the increase was nearly as great.

These figures give an idea of what Republican reciprocity—a "sham," as the Chicago convention declared it—is doing for the United States.

WANTED—SALESMAN: Salary from start, permanent place. Brown Bros. Co., Nurseryman, Rochester, New York. 30 4t

EMPLOYMENT — TO WHOLESALE GOODS. Advertise and secure local salesmen. Salary $50 to $100 per month. Expenses advanced. State salary wanted, also your preference for home work or traveling. Sloan & Co., Mfrs. 294 George St., Cincinnati, O. 30 2t

Dr. HOXIE'S CERTAIN CROUP CURE IS A WONDERFUL REMEDY FOR HAY FEVER

Its peculiar action on the mucous membranes of the throat, render it also a powerful curative agency in severe attacks of Croup, Diptheria, Whooping Cough and Bronchitis. 50c. Sold by prominent druggists throughout the state. 30 4t

BOOTS & SHOES.

JOHN M. COBLE,
LEMONT, CENTRE COUNTY, PENNA

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Boots and Shoes made to order, at two dollars less a pair than than the same can be purchased in Bellefonte or any other large town.

First class work and material. Nothing cheap but the price. Satisfaction guaranteed in fit and style.

All I ask is one trial, I know that after that I shall have your trade.

CALL ON OR ADDRESS AS ABOVE
V23 N27 tf

Bellefonte Markets.

Red Wheat, per bushel	$ 85
Mixed wheat per bushel	80
Buckwheat, new, per bushel	40
Rye per bushel	60
Corn (shelled)	45
Corn (ears)	40
Oats	30
Barley	50
Cloverseed, fair to good	7,80
do prime and extra prime	8 00
do choice	8,40
Flour, retail, per barrel	5 00
Flour, wholesale	4 40
Hay choice mixed, per ton	10.00
" prime timothy " "	12.00
" choice " "	15.00

Provision Markets.

Corrected weekly by Eureka Grocery.

Apples, dried, per pound	5
Green apples, per bushel	40
Cherries, dried, per pound, seeded	10
Dried Currants, per pound	8
New Raisins, per pound	16 — 20
Beans, per quart	10
Fresh Butter, per pound	12
Cheese, per pound	16
Country Hams, per pound	8
Hams, sugar cured	13
Shoulders	10
Breakfast Bacon	12½
Country Bacon	8
Lard, leaf, per pound	10
Lard, country, per pound	8
Eggs, per dozen	12½
Potatoes, per bushel	50
New Potatoes, per bushel	1 00
Dried Beef	20
Canned Beef, 2 pound can	25
Country Side, per pound	8
Canned Tomatoes, per can	10—12—15
Canned Corn, per can	10—12½—15
Lemons, per dozen	30
Oranges, per dozen	40—50
Dried sweet Corn, per pound	10
Apple Butter, per gallon	35
Roller Flour, per sack	1 25

EDWARD K. RHOADS,

At his yard near Passenger station sells only

THE BEST QUALITIES

OF

Anthracite, Bituminous & Woodland

COAL

—ALSO—

KINDLING WOOD.

AND

Corn Ears, Shelled Corn, Oats, Baled Hay and Straw

TELEPHONE 712.

EUREKA!

OUR MOTTO:

Quick Sales and Small Profits.

The EUREKA CASH GROCERY, Bush Arcade Block, is the place to buy Groceries GOOD AND CHEAP. We have always been selling goods at ROCK BOTTOM PRICES bu now we intend to do better than ever and will sell goods at prices that will astonish everyone. Times are hard and we cannot expect to make much. Below we quote you a few of our prices to show that we mean business.

3 cans of Corn for 25 cts.; 3 cans of Peas 25 cts.; 3 cans of Lima Beans for 25 cts.; 6 bars of Soap 25 cts.; Coffee 23–25–26–28–35 cts. per pound; 1 package Mince Meat 11 cts.; Mixed Tea (a number one quality) only 40 cts. per pound; Soup Beans 6 cts. per quart.

The above is a fair sample of our prices. Call and be convinced.

NEXT DOOR TO POST-OFFICE.
HIGH STREET, - - BELLEFONTE
M. P. TUTEN, PROPRIETOR.

THE BEAUTIFUL CLAUDINE.

Along the dusty highway, still brilliant with the setting sun, the evening mail man passed in a jolting rumble of wheels from his ancient carriole, and a ringing of hoofs from his meagre mare. Then it was that Claudine, the "beautiful Claudine," as the villagers called her, showed herself at the sill of the little white cottage, her hand above her eyes, her elbow elevated. She stood there silent and motionless, like a picture in lighter tints against the darker back ground of the chamber, but with a joyous expectancy dawning in her eyes.

Far away over the peaks, the sun was sinking to rest, its last rays climbing slowly from horn to horn of the wooded hills, lighting up the sombre verdure of the oaks with points of brilliancy, quivering like flame against the blue horizon and enveloping, as with a parting caress, the rounded summit of a naked hill, whose long slopes ended at the turning of the road that stretched into the shadow, a strip of dull greyness, soft as a ribbon.

From among this chain of hills, extending as far as the eye could reach in the gathering evening light, rose the deep and sonorous cry of the carters, urging on their beasts, engaged in hauling the stone from the quarries which gnawed out the heart of these same peaks, still touched at the crest by the dying sun. It was here that Claudine's thoughts were roving in search of her man.

In her mind she saw him plainly, this toiling quarryman, young and handsome as herself, perched aloft on a frail scaffolding and working at the quarry's roof in the tremulous light of lanterns like twinkling stars, the monotonous clink, clink of the hammers repeated by the drip, drip of the subterranean waters. But now, since the evening postman had gone by, Claudine knew that the day's work was ended, her man descending with others and arranging his tools—quickly, too, thinking of her and impatient for her kisses.

In fact, some of the men, in gaudy belts and with coats thrown over their shoulders, had begun to appear, climbing briskly the steep white road, their voices mounting higher and higher, like the waves of sunlight, and rough and rude as the country. All at once, even whilst she searched with her gaze the fast crowding pathway a cloud of dirt and *debris* leaped high in the air, followed instantly through the valley by a crash like thunder. The quarry had blown up. And Claudine lay senseless on the ground.

* * * * *

Under the gutted earth, covered with crumbled houses, cracked and crushed as by a monstrous hammer, deep in the black and inaccessible depths of the buried galleries, fifty or more of the quarrymen were buried also, despairing, hopeless of rescue, dying perhaps, if not already dead. At the point where the engineers worked with heart and soul to pierce an entombed gallery, Claudine knelt beside them, eager, heart-sick, refusing to stir a step and still awaiting her man.

For eight days she had remained there, unable to believe in the disaster, unable to be consoled, her burning eyes stubbornly riveted upon the opening, little by little growing larger. But these efforts provoked new crumblings—the waters flooded the passages, the work had to be stopped. Then and not till then did she climb the hill to the place where the men who had escaped the disaster strained at the pumps.

But soon the pumps, too, gave out, choked, doubtless, with the rubbish that refused to flow. The rescuers, white, haggard, helpless, sorrowfully disbanded and turned away. Claudine remained alone by the ravaged earth, the abortive, abandoned work, crushed, inert, feeling in her anguished soul but a single desire—to be herself at rest.

"Claudine!" murmured a voice at her ear.

She raised her eyes. It was a quarryman by the name of Pierre, whom she had noticed toiling with the others. She saw his blistered hands, the soil on his clothes, and suddenly, without a word, before the pitying sorrow of his gaze burst into a storm of tears.

As for Pierre, he, too, found no word to say, but sitting beside her allowed her to cry on, stroking her hand tenderly at every sob, an answering grief dimming his own eyes. Gradually as she grew calmer Claudine knew that Pierre was talked to her of things whose sense still escaped her, but whose soft, soothing monotone quieted her to the docility of a child.

She listlessly permitted him to draw her with him, scarcely conscious of what he did, whilst he with a gentle, solicitous care that one shows to a sick mind and fancy coaxed and persuaded her homeward, as from time to time she stopped with long sighs and renewed tears.

The long days passed; the imprisoned men were lost, unfindable, dead, they declared, crushed by the falling rocks or thrown out by the enormous force of the air from the crumbled caverns.

To hear this was a relief to Claudine's strained nerves and senses; they were not tortured, and in the long unoccupied hours when they talked and speculated thus she listened sadly and in silence, but finding a certain pleasure in this envelopment of neighborly pity.

She seemed to herself to be awakening from a long sleep, to be returning from a distant journey; at the same time, though unconscious of it at first, the exigencies of the present and of the coming life began to present themselves to her mind. She had her life to take up again and, perhaps—with a progressive growing of a slow fear—to take it up with want and solitude added.

She began to feel more interest in the things about her; in the success, above all, of the subscriptions to be raised to alleviate the disaster, and she felt a great peace, almost a joy, the day when Pierre returned from the adjacent city to tell her that the widows were truly to be cared for—that she was down for six hundred francs.

Then without occupation and in the patient waiting for the relief to come she every day returned to the quarry. Frequently Pierre accompanied her, always with his gentle courtesy, and there they talked together in lowered tones as if respecting a tomb. In these visits to the cemetery, through the melancholy of the thick woods to the eternal stirring of the same thoughts, the tears of Claudine by degrees ceased to flow.

They arrived soon at talking freely, then at reveries, walking slowly, picturing, perhaps, the awakening of new possibilities. The weight seemed to lift from the breast of the young woman, the horizon so long closed about her to widen and open, and in the trembling dawn of the rising future there was a new, an indefinable charm, growing and deepening in these mutual silences. Sorrow had run itself out and as the spring sap mounts in the fibres of the tree trunks, a new love—of which as yet they did not speak out of deference to this tomb before which they wandered and which had brought them together—grew with the passing moments.

"Claudine," said Pierre at last, "why should we not marry each other?"

"It is not two months yet," she answered, suddenly saddened.

"I know that, but I would not hurry you. I spoke to be in time. What say you, Claudine? Yes or no?"

"Yes," sighed she, "later on."

* * * * *

It was close to evening; Claudine and Pierre as usual rambled among the stones of the quarry.

All at once a singular sound arrested their footsteps. It was the soil beneath them, the scratching or moving of some beast, doubtless, at the end of his hole. They bent above the crevasse I mean "adapt" their ideas. I wish I knew Dutch. Nobody knows Dutch. There must be a magnificent field for pecul— I mean adaptation in Dutch literature. At the time I speak of I was exceedingly original. In my set determination to be original both in manner and matter, I read nothing but my own manuscripts, which were many, and my own proofs, which were few. Now I read a good deal, with the result that I'm not nearly so original as I was. Of course I've grown artful; I've got the measure of certain editorial feet. Some want climax—I give 'em climax; others demand pathos—I give 'em pathos. One man likes plenty of it—I give him plenty of it; another wants concentrated plot (*i. e.*, the plot of a three-volume novel in a column and a quarter)—I give it to him. There's one man who likes the pleasant cynical vein, and, though I'm personally a romantic enthusiast, I give him what his soul sighs for. By all this you will see that I'm a very talented and many-sided person, and a hard worker.

At the sight of that advertisement I called in Bouverie street. After a good deal of beating about the bush, I learned that P. J. was the manager of a syndicate—*i. e.* he was a wholesale dealer in literature; he was the middleman, that proverbially indispensable middle man, who is so very dear to us all. After several unsuccessful attempts, I succeeded in seeing P. J. in the flesh. He wore spectacles, he spoke with a drawl, and he was evidently a man of business.

"You send in a sample, Uncle Dudley," said he, with a noble familiarity. "Ef it suits we shall deal at New York price, which is ten dollars a thousand words. That seems to astonish you," he said; "but we act liberal in the States."

Nothing could be simpler, nothing could be fairer, nothing could be nobler.

"You jest whack in a short thing as a sample. We return either the stuff or the money in a week."

Then he offered me a particularly good cigar. I went straight home. I despatched a thousand-word story to P. J., and in forty-eight hours I got the following note:

SIR: Your tale is a ring-tailed roarer. I can take any amount of similar stuff. I enclose the equivalent of ten dollars in a postal order. Please call at two to-morrow.

Yours faithfully, P. J.

I could have clasped P. J. to my breast. Here was an appreciative mind, a congenial spirit. I thought that the leaden-footed hours till two the next day never would have passed; but the time came at length—it struck two at last by the clock of St. Bride's, and I was shown by one of Bliffkins the printers people into the presence of P. J.

The American received me in the most genial manner.

"You're the boy," he said; "you are the chap that takes the cake, Mr. Nibbs," cried P. J. "I am prepared to run you altogether; it's only a question of terms, my boy, and our folks are full—they are absolutely bursting with dollars. But there's one thing, Mas'r George; is the rest of your stuff up to sample? That is the point—that and the question of terms." Then he handed me a huge cigar. "We pay fifty cents for 'em in the States," he said.

I never met such a liberal man as P. J. before. His "people had every confidence in him"; he had "full powers." "How much stuff had I got?" "Was I ready to deal on the basis of ten dollars a thousand, for all the stuff I had finished?"

Can a fish swim? Was I ready? Aye, that I was.

"It ain't the actual cash," remarked P. J.; "it's the reputation. Our people'll run you in American, and we'll take you in the lump at ten dollars a thousand words all round. Es that good enough? Ef you are satisfied, shoot the stuff in."

I agreed—of course I did. I returned to my home. I made up a huge parcel of manuscripts. I calculated the amount of the check I had to receive by which they stood; there the sound was plainer, more distinct, like the despairing struggle of something in a narrow place, the rattling volley of rolling *debris*.

A strange, sudden terror nailed them motionless, then at the same moment the same thought came to both; the quarrymen inclosed in their living tomb were not all dead; some one was mining through the mountain.

And from the depths now came a feeble call, faint, smothered, scarcely more than a gasping sigh.

"It is—it is he!" breathed Claudine, her knees knocking together.

Pierre leaped to his feet, livid also. He! The dead, already so far away, already lost in the gulf of irremediable things! This return was for him, Pierre, a shattered love, a broken future, that smiling broken future over which the six hundred francs of his Claudine spread a radiance like the sparkle of a fortune!

What right had he to return, this dead man, whose face no longer appeared to him irradiated with friendliness and grateful memories, but as a menacing spectre erecting itself from a crumbled dream?

Meanwhile, a new call came from the depths, in which one plainly read the torture of that imprisoned wretch, trapped under the earth for two long months, supporting life on roots and water, grovelling in blackest night, but stimulated, urged to the battle for existence by the perfume of the sunny woods that, doubtless reached him through the crevices of the crevasse.

Pierre uttered a responsive cry and threw himself backward, the prey of a poignant struggle. But the call came again—lamentable, sinister, pleading; he could bear it no longer; a wave of pity flooded his soul.

"Wait!" he cried; "wait but a little; I will run; I will return at once with a cord; the hole is just big enough; wait, wait!"

And Pierre, without a single word or glance at Claudine—did he fear that his purpose would fail him?—took the hill at a mad run.

Left alone—with him—Claudine's eyes clung as if glued to a heavy boulder that overhung the edge of the crevasse; yes, the very edge, poised like a bird ready to spring. She trembled convulsively; a breath almost would detach that stone, would send it crashing to the bottom of that flume whence came that wailing moan; the cry of a man for succor.

God in heaven her man!

Swiftly as Pierre had leaped she, Claudine, now leaped; but how she staggered, how her legs bent under her as if she were drunk! But no matter; she must reach that boulder; she had reached it—it stirred, turned, engulfed itself in the hole. There was a thud, a strangled cry, then—silence; blank, dead silence, soundless as the quarried stone.

Silence and solitude both, for Pierre had not had time to return from his errand of mercy, and Claudine—with clasped hand and eagerly listening ears—Claudine was now in truth—alone.

AN AMERICAN PIRATE.

It was about five years ago that I saw an advertisement in a great literary journal. It ran as follows:

FICTION—Wanted, Novels and Short Stories, suitable for a high-class magazine. Thorough originality is required, and will be liberally dealt with. A good serial novel, about 120,000 words, can be treated for.—P. J., care of Bliffkins, printers, Bouverie Street, E. C.

"Thorough originality!" I cried; "Why, that's my strong point; hang it, I'm nothing if I'm not original! Why, I can reel it out by the yard quite comfortably, just as though I had been a literary silk-worm." And so I could, then. Plots? pooh! I never even troubled about a plot; I just sat down and began to fire away to Miss Dashes (Miss Dashes is my shorthand writer and amanuensis) and the plots came; they came as a matter of course. Now it's different; they don't come as they used to. I'm at times even tempted to read other people's fiction and steal it—at eight thousand dollars, or two thousand pounds, for there were eight hundred thousand words, or thereabouts; and then I waited patiently.

Would P. J. take them all? Would he take half? I waited, I say, patiently. After a month I received a parcel; it contained my manuscripts and the following note;

DEAR SIR: I regret to have to return your MSS. Yours, faithfully, P. J.

Five years elapsed.

I had got on—slowly, terribly slowly; but I had got on. I had published over two hundred short stories, four novels, and I had plenty of work on hand and no difficulty in placing it. My publishers wanted to see me. I was delighted; they had probably something to propose; I saw visions of a new agreement, and a check in advance on account, or at least a three-months' bill (one can discount a bill.)

I put on my three-thousand-pound-a-year suit (I always put on my three-thousand-pound-a-year suit when I call on a publisher—it awes 'em); and I was shown into the sanctum. Old Mr. Scorcher, the head of the firm, received me. I generally see Wagge. Wagge is the junior partner—Wagge and I are rather thick.

Old Mr. Scorcher had a face a yard long.

"Will you kindly look at that, Mr. Nibbs?" he said in awful tones. He put a little book into my hands—a very nice little book—Japanese paper, margins, special type, delightful etchings—in fact, the whole bag of tricks.

I began to turn over the leaves, and then I nearly jumped out of my skin. It was my novel, my successful novel—"Linda's Lovers." "It's a wicked American piracy!" I cried; "and they'd have the impertinence to alter the title and the names." "Rachel's Romance" indeed! "By Jove, they've just simply turned Linda into Rachel, and—and—and—"

"It was published four years ago," said old Mr. Scorcher, simply. "You sold it to us as an original novel."

"It's a piracy," I cried, "an infernal piracy!"

"I don't doubt you, Mr. Nibbs. I quite believe what you say—but—"

Then we talked for a long time. I told him that no human eye but P. J.'s had ever seen the manuscript till his firm had purchased it.

"You'll have to go to New York; you'll have to unearth the pirate; you'll have to prove the whole thing. It't a very serious thing for us—a much more serious thing for you," said old Mr. Scorcher.

Of course he was right.

I went to New York at once.

I called on Barrabas & Co., the publishers of "Rachel's Romance." They were very nice people, particularly nice people. They would give an introduction to Mr. Paul Jones the author, at once. He was a rising man. Might they give me a volume of his short stories? I thanked them. A glance was enough—they were my short stories. Paul Jones was a miserable pirate, a wretched jackdaw in peacock's plumes! I would make it very hot, indeed, for Paul Jones. I took the letter of introduction. I went straight to Boston, where Mr. Jones the talented author lived.

I found his house. I found his widow. I found his marble tomb, with a catalogue of his virtues; he had only been dead a month.

"Then, gradually but slowly, I learned the truth. Mr Paul Jones was an ingenious man. He had photographed my manuscripts; each sheet of foolscap, when photographed, was the size of an ordinary *carte de visite*. Then by the aid of a magnifying glass he recopied my manuscript; and he attained in this way name and fame and dollars.

Everybody in Boston thoroughly believed in Paul Jones. His widow, a gentle little woman with tender eyes, sold me many sheets of his original compositions (photos of my MSS.).

"Paul," Mrs. Jones remarked, "was a very ingenious man. He was afraid his work might get lost; it did get lost. But we had the photos, and with the help of a magnifying glass I recopied all my husband's work. Ah, what a clever fellow he was, stranger; his name will remain written in letters of brass on the heart of all American readers as the author of this charming work;" and then she handed me a copy of "Rachel's Romance."

I hadn't the heart to underceive the poor little woman who believed in her pirate.

I returned to England a sadder and a wiser man. Scorcher is perfectly satisfied—he is indeed. They—Scorcher, Wagge & Co. are bringing out my new book.

Is there a moral? Yes, there is a moral. It is as well for an English author, in submitting his work to a possible buyer to know something of the person he is dealing with; for Mr. Paul Jones (P. J) is not the only Richmond in the field.—*St. James Gazette.*

A Novel Water Pitcher.

A firm of London china manufacturers have introduced, in the "Toilet Aquarius," an invention as ingenious as it is simple. The water-container, holding about as much as an ordinary toilet jug, is oblong in shape, and rests upon a framework of metal in such a manner that it discharges the water into the basin merely by drawing the handle forward. The exertion is thus minimized so as to be no more than that involved in turning on a tap, which is a great consideration for ladies and for all invalids. Moreover, the splashing which so often occurs in pouring out from a heavy jug is saved, and breakages are reduced to a minimum.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O., Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75 cts. per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

HELP! HELP! THE LADY FAINTS.

"'Tis the twink of an eye,
'Tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health,
To the paleness of death."

When sudden fainting spells come upon a lady, you may always suspect some uterine disturbances or trouble, or some great disorder in the circulation and nerve centers. A remedy that has always proved successful in warding off and removing the tendency to a recurrence of fainting spells—that removes the cause of them, corrects the circulation of blood, and gives to the system that even running nervous energy so essential, is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

The "Prescription" is *guaranteed* to give satisfaction in every case, or money refunded. Nothing else does as much. You only pay for the good you get. Can you ask more?

As a regulator and promoter of functional action, at the critical period of change from girlhood to womanhood, "Favorite Prescription" is a perfectly safe remedial agent, and can produce only good results. It is equally efficacious and valuable in its effects when taken for those disorders and derangements incident to that later and most critical period, known as "The change of Life."

EMINENT FACTS

The question is often asked and scarcely ever answered, why whiskey made now is not as pure and reliable as it was forty years ago. It is never the less fact that it is, made purer and better today than at that time. With the improved methods fusil oil and other impurities are entirely eliminated. A sworn statement as to the purity, age and quality of the whiskey sold is furnished by one dealer who advertises full quarts, six year old pure Penn's Rye, at $1.00 per quart. Duquesne $1.25 per quart. Port, Sherry, Swet California Wines at 50c. A complete catalogue and price list of all foreign and domestic liquors mailed on application by

MAX KLEIN,
82 Federal St., Alegheny, Pa.

LUCKY NUMBER.

HUMPHREYS' SPECIFIC No THREE—Cures Sleeplesness, Colic and Crying of Infants; curing not only the Wakefulness, Colic and Crying, but by aiding the digestion, giving Strength and Vigor, and so making healthy children.

GUARANTEED CURE.

We authorize our advertised druggist to sell Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs, and Colds, upon this condition. If you are afflicted with a Cough, Cold, or any Lung, Throat or Chest trouble, and will use this remedy as directed, giving it a fair trial, and experience no benefit, you may return the bottle and have your money refunded. We could not make this offer did we not know that Dr. King's New Discovery could be relied on. It never disappoints. Trial bottles free at C. M. Parrish's drug store. Large size 50c. and $1.00.

John, have you seen that woman lately?

John, in astonishment, what woman?

That woman in another column picking grapes for Speer's Wines, and read about it; the wines are found by chemists to be absolutely pure and the best in the world. The Boards of Health in large cities and leading hospitals have adopted their use where wines are needed.

Ripans Tabules: one gives relief.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Acts in perfect harmony with the laws that govern the female system under all circumstances. Its success in quickly and permanently curing all forms of

Female Complaints,

is unparalleled in the history of medicine. Is almost infallible. Use it with confidence in cases of Leucorrhœa, Bearing-down Feeling, Weak Back, Falling and Displacement of the Womb, Inflammation, Ovarian Troubles, and all Organic Diseases of the Uterus or Womb. It is invaluable to the Change of Life.

Dissolves and expels Tumors from the Uterus at an early stage, and checks any tendency to Cancerous Humor.

Sudden Faintness, Excitability, Nervous Prostration, Exhaustion, Kidney Complaints, and bones the Stomach.

All Druggists sell it, or sent by mail, in form of Pills or Lozenges, on receipt of $1.00. Liver Pills, 25c.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., LYNN, MASS.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE

BEST IN THE WORLD.

Its wearing qualities are unsurpassed, actually outlasting two boxes of any other brand. Not effected by heat. IF GET THE GENUINE.

FOR SALE BY DEALERS GENERALLY.

MILK PRESERVATIVE

Milkmen, Creamerymen, and Dairymen can keep MILK AND CREAM fresh a week without using ice. Healthful, tasteless, odorless and inexpensive. Sample, enough to make test, mailed for ten cents. THE PRESERVALINE M'F'G CO., 10 Cedar St., N. Y. 24 4t

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J. B. HOBENSACK'S

ERRORS of YOUTH HOME CURE

MEDICAL OFFICES,
206 N. SECOND ST., Philadelphia, Pa.

Are the oldest in America for the treatment of

Special Diseases & Youthful Errors,

Blood Poison, Nervous Debility, Ulcers, Ruptures, Discharges, Strictures, Bladder, Kidney and Skin Diseases, Varicocele, Hydrocele, Rupture, permanently cured by improved methods without detention from business. The Doctor's success is due to his lifelong experience and study; to the pure vegetable remedies used and to the thorough examination and watchful attention given patients during treatment. A 40 years' establishment is our guarantee of success.

Treatment by Mail a Specialty.

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A CME BLACKING is cheaper at 20 cents a bottle than any other Dressing at 5 cents.

A LITTLE GOES A LONG WAYS

because shoes once blackened with it can be kept clean by washing them with water. People in moderate circumstances find it profitable to buy it at 20c. a bottle, because what they spend for Blacking they save in shoe leather.

It is the cheapest blacking considering its quality, and yet we want to sell it cheaper if it can be done. We will pay

$10,000 Reward

for a recipe that will enable us to make WOLFF'S ACME BLACKING at such a price that a retailer can profitably sell it at 10c. a bottle. This offer is open until Jan. 1st, 1893.

WOLFF & RANDOLPH, Philadelphia.

Old furniture painted with

PIK-RON

(this is the name of the paint), looks like stained and varnished *new furniture*. One coat will do it. A child can apply it. You can change a pine to a walnut, or a cherry to mahogany; there is no limit to your fancies. All retailers sell it.

ELY'S Cream Balm

Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflamation, Heals the Sores, Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.

CATARRH

ELY'S CREAM BALM CATARRH CHEESE COLD IN HEAD ROSE COLD HAY-FEVER PRICE 50 CENTS ELY BRO'S OWEGO N.Y. U.S.A.

HAY-FEVER

TRY THE CURE

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cts.

ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., N. Y.

DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED by PECK'S INVISIBLE TUBULAR EAR CUSHIONS. Whispers heard. Comfortable. Successful where all Remedies Fail. Ills. book and proofs free. Address F. HISCOX, 853 Bdy., N. Y. 14 1m

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Health for the Baby,
Pleasure for the Parents,
New Life for the Old Folks.

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is a family affair—a requisite of the home. A 25 cent package makes 5 gallons of a delicious, strengthening, effervescent beverage.

Don't be deceived. If a dealer, for the sake of larger profit, tells you some other kind is "just as good"—'tis false. No imitation is as good as the genuine HIRES'.

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LOW ARM ONLY $20

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Drop Leaf, Fancy Cover, Large Drawers, Nickel Rings, Tucker, Ruffler, Binder, Four Widths of Hemmers

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SORE EYES SCROFULA MALARIA AND ALL BLOOD DISEASES

CURES BOILS PIMPLES

R. E. SELLERS & CO. PROPS. PITTSBURGH, PA.

KIRK'S DUSKY DIAMOND TAR SOAP

Healthful, Agreeable, Cleansing.

Cures Chapped Hands, Wounds, Burns, Etc.

Removes and Prevents Dandruff.

WHITE RUSSIAN SOAP.

Specially Adapted for Use in Hard Water.

THE OLD MAN'S ROMANCE.

"Going west, are you, Bob?" asked the old man quietly, as he added a fresh stick to the already glowing fire.

"Yes; I leave for Texas on the early train to-morrow, Cousin Tom," the young man answered firmly, almost solemnly.

"Do you find—have you heard that there is a good opening for a physician out there where you are going?" said the old man as he lighted his pipe and reseated himself in his comfortable leathern chair.

"I don't care a continental whether there is an opening for a physician or not; I am going west to go to work," said Bob, quickly. "I may end by being a cowboy or something worse, perhaps," he added with a laugh that it was not pleasant to hear.

"And how does the little Alice like the idea of your going?" asked Cousin Tom carelessly, it seemed, but his half-closed eyes under his shaggy brows were fixed very intently upon the young fellow as he spoke.

Bob winced. "I have not considered it necessary to notify Miss Ames of my intentions," he said stiffly.

"Perhaps I may as well tell you," he continued after a moment, "that it will be through no voluntary act of mine that she ever hears of me again; so, if you please, we will leave her out of the conversation. But come, Cousin Tom, you have been out west yourself. Tell me something about the country."

The old man puffed away slowly at his pipe. The young fellow's indifference did not deceive him. There were a good many thoughts in his mind. He had been sitting a long while alone with only the dim firelight and his memories for company. The coming of his young cousin had hardly dispelled the visions he had been recalling, and he waited a long time before replying.

"Yes," he said, at length, between the puffs, "I have seen a good deal of the west, and a very different country it is from this, I can assure you. There is hardly a square mile of ground in the whole state of Texas that I have not been over; and Mexico and the territories, and California, too, I know pretty well. I was a considerably younger man than I am now when I went to the frontier. I little thought then of becoming the decrepit old bookworm that I am now, with hardly strength enough to light my pipe. It has been a good long time since the Mexican war though, hasn't it? I was hardly as old as you when I enlisted.

"Did I ever tell you, Bob," said the old man suddenly, "how I came to go to the war?"

"No," said Bob, "and I have often been curious to know why you threw up everything and spent so many years of your life in wandering about."

"Well," said the old man, leaning forward to empty his pipe upon the hearth, "I may make a pretty long story of it, and if you get tired you must let me know. After I left school I settled down in the village to practice law. I was never a very wild fellow, only quick and hot-tempered—quick and hot-tempered. Aye, there's where the trouble came," said the old man musingly. The firelight flickered upon his bald head and sunken cheeks, and his eyes were very sad.

"Here, boy," he said, as he fumbled in his pocket and produced a little, worn velvet case, "that has been with me everywhere through all that western wild. Look at it as I talk to you."

"Why, this is Alice, sir," said Bob eagerly as he opened the case.

"Aye, Alice," said the old man, "but not your Alice. My Alice I used to call her in the old days. She was Alice Ames' aunt. I can see her now, boy, as I saw her the day she sat listening to me as I told my love to her. She kept her eyes bent down upon the grass at her feet all the time I was talking to her. We had walked down the hill to the rustic seat under the old beech tree, but that, too, is gone now. I forgot. Her hat had slipped off, I remember, and her rough rings of hair seemed to have caught the rays of the sun himself and shone and glinted round her head. She lifted her sweet eyes to mine when I had done, and putting her hand in mine, said:

"Why, Tom, don't you know I have loved you always?"

"And, boy—but why am I telling you all this? You wanted to know why I went west. Well, as I told you, I was a hot-headed, quick-tempered fool, and, though it seems to me now that Alice did everything that a sensible man would have been satisfied with, I used then to be very exacting, and was often vexed with her. She was bright, and cheerful, and happy, and used to treat my high and mighty humors with the lightness they deserved. Finally one day—I shall never forget it—I had been to see Alice in the morning, and, with my usual foolhardiness, had been censuring her for dancing so much the night before with Henry Wentworth, your banker in town, you know. It seemed to me she had taken my strictures a little more defiantly than usual; at all events, I went off feeling very angry.

"But, as is always the case with hotheaded fools, I cooled off very quickly. Alice had always been so ready to forgive me that it was with no hesitancy that I went out that afternoon to take her for a drive. I found her with her hat upon her head, standing on the gallery pulling some roses. They were yellow, I remember, and very sweet. 'Come, Alice,' I said, 'Selim is in excellent trim; let us take a drive out the Greensboro pike.'

"'I am very sorry, Tom,' she said, 'but I cannot go with you this afternoon.'

"She stopped breaking the flowers as she spoke and looked at me half shyly from under her lashes.

"'Why not, pray?' I asked, firing up in a moment. I fancied there was something teasing in her tone.

"'I have other fish to fry,' she said simply.

"I shall never forget how she looked as she stood there twirling the yellow rose in her hand and bending down her head till her little chin rested upon her bare, white throat. Somehow a yellow rose always brings back that picture to me. I remember my first impulse was to take her in my arms and beg her to forgive me, but ere I moved or spoke I heard the sound of wheels on the gravel without, and, turning, I saw young Wentworth drive up. Without a word I turned and left the house. As I entered the village I met a little band of troops starting for the Mexican war. In a moment I was out and had enlisted. We left that night. I was accountable to no one for my actions, and no one knew of my whereabouts.

"What I suffered in the war it matters not. That gash across the little case you have shows how near I came being pricked by a Mexican sword. When my term of enlistment was out I was more than willing to return home, and lost no time in doing so. As I left the train and walked up the village street I saw a funeral procession just turning the brow of the hill. Henry Wentworth and his young wife were getting in the carriage as I passed the gate. He had married, he told me, the week after I left, a girl from the south. They both seemed very sad and in a hurry to be gone.

"'Whose is the funeral?' I asked as I turned to go.

"'Alice's,' he answered.

"My God! It was my Alice, and I had gone and left her."

The old man pressed his head upon his hands and the tears trickled down his sunken cheeks. Bob did not speak; his face was hidden too.

"After that," the old man said by-and-by, "I spent the next twenty-five years of my life in prowling about the west, and it was only when I became an old man, when I had nothing left but Alice's grave over there on the hillside, that I came back home to rest. But here am I," he said with a sudden start, "keeping you up listening to my chatter when you ought to be in bed, getting ready for your trip to-morrow."

The young man sprang to his feet. "Just 1 o'clock," he said. "I can yet catch the 1:30 train to town. I shall not go west at all, Cousin Tom, and if my Alice will forgive me you may come to our wedding next month."—*Patience Oriel in Philadelphia Times.*

INGRY'S BEAU.

You see all the servant girls in the neighborhood except Ingry had their "friends," as our little maid quaintly called the respectable lads who worked hard all the week and came on Sunday afternoons to walk out with their sweethearts.

And poor Ingry, having no one of her own, either moped alone in her little kitched or "tagged" along with some other couple.

I don't know whether the old saying "two's a company, three's none," is taken from the Swedish—but surely those Svenski lads understood it pretty well, and many were the meaning glances and broad hints that Ingry got to that effect.

Had she been younger or prettier it might have been different. Then some one or other of those rosy-checked maids might have moped alone in her kitchen while Ingry walked off with her young man—for we know the way of the world—but she was neither pretty nor young.

She was a great raw-boned creature with yellow skin and a deep voice, but she was an honest, good soul, and I felt sorry for her.

One day our maid told me with a bright face that the girls would no longer be bothered with Ingry, for she was to have a friend soon now; she had sent the money to Sweden to bring him over.

I think that it was not alone the servants on our little street who were interested in "Ingry's beau," as we called him. A good many ladies had heard of him too, for in a small town the relations between mistress and maid are apt to be a little confidential.

On an afternoon out Ingry had looked up a situation for her expected friend, and it was understood that he was to be man-of-all work for a family in an adjoining street.

I don't know whether this case would come under the law against contract labor, but anyhow the immigration committee, or whatever they call it, didn't molest him, and he came duly to hand.

I have said that Ingry was big and yellow and loud-voiced, but we never realized how very large and how awfully yellow and how terribly loud-voiced until we saw her beside her beau.

He was a mere boy and at least a head shorter than she; his cheeks were pink and his voice a little timid squeak. I am no phrenologist or physiognomist but if there is anything in the theory that a small, narrow head, with a retreating forehead and chin, denote a weak intellect, his must have been feeble indeed.

His face wore an expression between a simper and a grin and he was extremely stupid, but Ingry seemed to think him the perfection of manly beauty and intelligence, and when he was near her her face beamed with such pride and fondness that you almost forgot how plain she was.

He did not keep his first place long and after that he worked at first one thing, then another, coming always between times to Ingry for money.

The most of her Thursday afternoons were spent in finding him places and all of her money went for dressing and keeping him, while he grew lazier and lazier until finally he didn't pretend to work at all except at an occasional odd job for a meal or an old coat or hat.

It was really pathetic to see poor Ingry working and saving for him and receiving not even thanks in return. She grew thin and worried-looking and the maids began to whisper that Ingry found her beau an expensive luxury; and we ladies were wondering if her love and patience would stand the strain much longer, when the climax came.

After living upon her labor and earnings for a year he told her that he thought she was too old for him to marry and that he was going to look for a younger and prettier wife.

This was more than she could bear, and as her mistress was away at the time she came to me in her trouble. With tears rolling down the homely cheeks that had grown wrinkled in working for him she told me what the fellow had said.

I was indignant. I knew that Ingry was as soft-hearted as a child and that he would work on her sympathies and continue to impose upon her just as he had done and I determined to get rid of him at once.

"Ingry," said I, "why don't you send him back to Sweden?"

"Oh, cood Ay do dat?"

I told her that she could and I even offered to loan her the money for his ticket.

She had an interview with him and he seemed just as willing to go as he had been to come and so the arrangements were soon made for his return passage.

When Ingry took him to the depot she brought him in to say good-by to me. She had fitted him with a new suit throughout and some way had tied in his button-hole a bit of gay ribbon bearing the name "McGinty" in large black letters.

I was half-provoked, half amused, and I told Ingry to take it off, but he waved her away, remonstrating in Swedish.

"No, he say he like it; he will wear it to show them in the old country." said Ingry. So I let the matter drop, and, beaming with vanity, he strutted away.

For a few days I think Ingry feared that he might return, but when a week had passed without signs of him she began to look relieved and happy.

In the course of a month a letter came to Ingry from Sweden, bearing the sad news that her protege had died upon shipboard and had been buried at sea.

I think that Ingry had the true philosopher's spirit when she said, through her falling tears, "Nobody have lose much." But to this day I can't help feeling that my conscience would be easier had I not allowed him to start away with that ill-omened ribbon tied to his best suit of clothes.—*M. M. M.*

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1 10		Olanta		2 47
1 00		Mitchells		2 56
12 20	P M	Clearfield	A M	
12 00	9 15		7 00	3 30
11 41	8 55	Woodland	7 19	3 50
11 34	8 48	Bigler	7 26	3 57
11 28	8 43	Wallaceton	7 42	4 03
10 35	L 7 50	Philipsburg	L 7 25	L 3 55
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10 09	7 25	Snow Shoe	8 52	5 22
9 02	6 27	Beech Creek	9 46	6 27
8 47	6 13	Mill Hall	10 00	6 43
8 41	6 07	Lock Haven	10 08	6 52
8 32	5 57	Wayne	10 15	7 03
8 10	5 35	Jersey Shore	10 35	7 25
7 35	5 00	Williamsport	11 10	8 00
A. M.	P M		A M	P M
A. M.	P M		A M	P M
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EDWARD T. TUTEN.

Local Department.

—"She Couldn't Marry Three" in the opera house this evening.

—J. S. Holter, of Howard, is building a house on East Main street in that borough.

—You must be registered by the first of September, if you want to vote in November.

—The Philipsburg school board, have voted to open the schools on Thursday, Sept. 1.

—There was a large attendance at the Lutheran picnic at Hunters Park last week Wednesday.

—Oral Bryon, of Roland, got his hand badly mashed while working in the mine banks lately.

—An infant child of John Wilson, of Bellefonte died last Saturday. The funeral was Sunday afternoon.

—A little child belonging to Mr. Wm. Barlett, of Coleville, died of cholera infantum and was buried last Saturday.

—The Pleasant Gap Band will hold a festival at Pleasant Gap on Saturday evening, August 6. A cordial invitation is extended to everybody to attend.

—Mr. H. C. Holter, of Howard, has lately finished a first class Livery stable for Ex-Sheriff Cook. It is said to be a first class stable, the work first class work, by a first class workman.

—The Young People of Pleasant Gap have organized a Christain Endeavor Society. The first meeting was held in the Methodist church at that place last Friday evening, July 29.

—Al. Baum took a large party of colored people from Bellefonte to Penn Cave a week ago last Friday. They had a very pleasant time exploring the mysteries of this under ground cavern.

—Meyer's orchestra occupied the new music stand in the court house yard last week Wednesday for the first time. The music was good so everybody said. There was quite a large audience present.

—Geo. Marshal is anxious to see all his old friends at the Eureka grocery store next door to Post Office, Bellefonte, Pa., call and see him he will extend a cordial welcome and sell you goods at reasonable prices.

—The Grange picinc to be held at Grange Park, Centre Hall, in September will be the largest and most interesting of any that has preceeded it. The officers are sparing no effort to make the picnic a greater success than ever.

—Last week Tuesday B. C. Achenbach, A. C. Mingle, Ade Fauble, Frank Naginey Harry Shaffer, Will Conley and others went to Pady Mountain to spend a few days camping out. They returned to Bellefonte last Friday. They had a very pleasant outing.

—Robert Baker, of Williamsport, died a week ago last Sunday quite suddenly. He was 88 years old, was born in Howard, this county. Aug.. 8, 1804. He left this county when a young man. At the time of his death he was making his home with his daughter, Mrs. Sylvester Mussina.

—Mr William Derstine and family, of Bellefonte, with relatives and friends spent last Thursday picnicing at Hunter's Park. They started early enough to breakfast at the Park. John Bair, one of Bellefonte's mail carriers, was in the party, They had a very pleasant time.

—A severe storm visited the vicinity of Bellefonte last Friday afternoon. At Pleasant Gap the pike between Joe Ross' and this town was flooded, in some places the water was four feet deep. At Lemont the rain was very heavy and large wash outs were the result. At Fillmore the storm was very severe.

—John P Harris, William Jenkins, Ellis T. Orvis, Andrew Cook, H. Sechler and Fearon Mann were the pall bearers at the funeral of Ex-Sheriff J. J. Lingle last week Wednesday. Rev. Tony, a minister of the Christain church from Lock Haven, officiated assisted by Rev. William Laurie, (Presbyterian) of Bellefonte.

—Lillian Kennedy, in "She Couldn't Marry Three," will be at the opera house this evening. All our amusement lovers will remember Miss Kennedy's appearsnce here last season when she was so enthusiastically received. Also her brother, John J., as "George." Both are artists noted for fine acting. Go and see them.

—Miss Mary Hapton together with Misses Alice and Mable Pletcher, of Howard, were out driving with a team belonging to J. Howard Tipton last week Monday. When in turning around the buggy was overturned throwing the ladies out, fortunately they were not much hurt. The buggy was badly broken; the horse however was easily caught.

—Dr. O. M. McEntire, of Howard, who is acknowledged to be one of the best physicians in Centre county was suddenly called lately to a critical case at Marsh Creek. A four year old child of Doc Brickley had the misfortune to fall on a mowing scythe cutting two large deep gashes in the arm. The doctor dressed the wounds in a most skillful manner and the boy is doing well.

NINETEENTH PICNIC.

BY THE PATRONS OF HUSBANDRY, AT GRANGE PARK, NEAR CENTRE HALL.

A GRAND EXHIBITION.

Beginning on the 12th of September and Continuing Through 6 Days—How to Reach the Ground—At Home in a Tent—Pleasant Exercises.

The committee of arrangements take pleasure in inviting the public to the 19th annual encampment and exhibition of the Patrons of Husbandry of Centre Pennsylvania to be held at Grange Park, Centre Hall, on the line of the Lewisburg and Tyrone railroad, the 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, of September, 1892.

THE PARK AND SURROUNDINGS.

Grange Park is a delightful picnic ground of nearly 30 acres situated on the watershed of the beautiful Penns valley, the waters flowing east and west from this point—being 4272 feet above sea level and the highest point on the Lewisburg and Tyrone railroad, being 810 feet above Lewisburg and 365 feet higher than Tyrone 528 feet above Bellefonte and 527 feet higher than Pittsburg.

Many improvements have been made to the ground which will add to the pleasure and comfort of those attending, others will be added as rapidly as they can be provided.

A number of canopy top tents will be erected provided with seats for the full use of the public, thus forming numerous pavilions where people can congregate with their friends, being protected from sun and storm, which will add greatly to the comfort of all those in attendance.

DAILY PAPER.

A daily paper will be published on the ground and a newspapermen's pavilion. provided for visiting editors.

THE CONVENIENCES.

The Lewisburg and Tyrone railroad runs through Grange Park, all trains stopping on the ground during picnic; railroad, telepraph, telephone, express and distributing post offices will be on the ground; all mail matter directed to Grange Park, Centre Hall, will regularly be delivered during the picnic.

THE WAY TO COME.

Those coming from east and south should come by the Pennsylvania, Northern Central, Philadelphia & Erie R. R., changing at Montandon for Centre Hall. Those from the north by Lock Haven and Bellefonte; those from the west by Tyrone and Bellefonte.

RAILROAD EXCURSION RATES.

The Lewisburg and Tyrone, Pennsylvania, Bald Eagle Valley, Philadelphia & Erie and all other branches of the Pennsylvania system of railroads will sell excursion tickets at one fare for the round trip to Centre Hall and return on card orders September 9 to 17th, good to return until September 20th, inclusive. (Apply to L. Rhone, Centre Hall, for card orders). The above railroad companies will also sell to the public without card orders, September 12th to 17th, good to return until September 20th, inclusive, at the same rate from Clearfield, Altoona, Lock Haven, and intermediate points, via Bellefonte. From Harrisburg, Riverside, Shamokin, Lock Haven, and intermediate points, via Montandon, as well as from all stations on the L. & T. branch from Montandon to Bellefonte inclusive.

TENTING.

The Committee has arranged for a full supply of tents, having bought many new and suitable ones, so that all who desire can secure them at the following rates; 12x12 feet wall tent, floored $5.00 each; 9x10 feet wall tents, floored, $2.50 each. To be assured of tent accommodations, they should as much as possible, be engaged in advance. Tents will be put up by the Committee ready for tentholders on their arrival on the grounds.

The most pleasant way to attend the picnic is to engage tents and camp. It is better for each family to secure tents instead of so many going into one as to be uncomfortable.

CAMP EQUIPAGE.

Bring with you camp equipage, lamps, bed clothing, chaff ticks, &c. The railroad company will carry camp equipage free for those coming over the railroad.

Straw will be furnished at a nominal price for filling bed ticks, but no loose straw will be allowed in tents.

BOARDING AND LODGING.

Those who prefer can board themselves.

Boarding houses on the ground furnishing good boarding at very reasonable rates.

Hotels with good accommodations convenient.

Lodging and boarding can also be had at private houses by applying to committee.

HACKS AND CARRIAGES.

Hacks and carriages will be run at stated hours to top of Nittany Mountain and Peen Cave, affording a most delightful ride of a few miles, or to any other places parties may wish to visit.

THE EXHIBITION.

The exhibition of implements, live stock and other productions promises to be large and creditable.

The State College and State experiment station will have a special department exhibiting the work of the station.

THE AUDITORIUM.

A large canvass tent will be erected for an auditorium where public meetings will be held.

THE MEETINGS.

The meetings in the auditorium will be of the highest order; Eminent speakers have been engaged who will not only discuss questions pertaining to agriculture but government, liturature, art and science as it effects the welfare of the people.

Every evening musical and literary entertainments will be given.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

Religious services will be held in the auditorium during Sabbath and Sabbath evening, to be under the auspices of the Christian denomination of Centre Hall.

UNION TEMPERANCE MEETINGS.

The Temperance Union people will hold their meeting in the auditorium on Wednesday, the 14th, to be addressed by Mr. Van Bennet, of Kansas, and others.

VETERAN'S REUNION.

The veterans of the late war will camp with us and hold their meeting on Friday the 16th under the management of the Veteran's club. Their speakers will be men who rendered service to their country; closing with a camp fire in the evening.

WEATHER SIGNAL STATIONS.

Arrangements will be made with the department at Washington to establish a weather signal station on the grounds in charge of a government officer.

OTHER ATTRACTIONS—STEREOPTICAN EXHIBITION.

A highly entertaining and instructive free Stereoptican exhibition will be given in the evening under the management of Mr. Royal Bussler, of Williamsport, Pa.

PYROTECHNIC DISPLAY.

Grand Pyrotechnic displays and illuminations at night with balloon ascencions.

This promises to be the grandest and most entertaining gathering ever held in the central part of the State.

GOING INTO CAMP.

Many expect to go into camp Saturday, the 10th of September, when all tents will be in readiness.

Those desiring to camp should not delay in sending in their orders for tents so as to enable the committee to secure the requisite number of tents to accommodate all.

Capt. G. M. Boal, Supt, of camp; John Dauberman, Supt. of improvements; George Dale, Supt. of exhibits of implements [Lemont.;] George Gingrich Supt. of exhibits of live stock, J. J. Arney Supt. of amusements, Sutlers, etc.

For further information address to the heads of departments or chairman.

LEONARD RHONE.

A BIRTHDAY PARTY

On Friday evening, July 22, a daughter of B. F. Winkleman. of Nittany Hall, gave a birthday party in honor of her father. The day before the party they pursuaded the old gentleman to go for berries so that they might make the necessary arrangements. On Friday they again got him out of the way by sending him to Bellefonte on an errand which they insisted was of the greatest importance. He did not get back until quite late in the evening and when he arrived home he found the house full of company much to his surprise. They soon made him understand the racket however by telling him in merry words that it was his birthday. There were about eighty guests present and upon the arrival of Mr. Winkleman supper was served, a bounteous repast worthy of so grand an occasion. The Nittany cornet band was present to add to the pleasure of the occasion with excellent music. Many beautiful presents were given by the guests to their host among which was a beautiful rocking chair, presented by the children. Among the guests were Rev. J J Lohr and wife, of Clintondale; Rev. H W Bender and wife, of Howard; Jas. Smith and wife, and John Hunter and wife, of Millheim; Messrs, Wm Florey and H Hile of Pleasant Gap, B F Shaffer and wife, W C Shaffer and wife, W Pletcher and wife, Mrs. Tate and daughters, Ella and Kate, Mrs. H Raub, Mrs. Rossman, Mrs. Emerick, Mrs. Talbert, Charles Beck and wife, Mrs. Josie Rogers, Miss Alice Tolbert, Misses Mary and Grace Beck.

MARRIAGE NOTICES.

Clergymen are reminded that the present laws require them to publish marriages in at least one newspaper. Failing to comply with this requirement got several ministers into serious trouble in this state recently. And while we are about it we will suggest that inasmuch as they are obliged to publish such notices sooner or later, that they send them in as soon as possible after the ceremony is performed, and thus furnish the papers with readable news items instead of waiting until they are matters of history.

—Some time ago Mrs. Benjamin Fulton presented a beautiful flag to Camp No. 447, P. O. S. of A. which was received by the camp with appropriate ceremony. The camp wishing to show there appreciation of this lady's efforts in their behalf concluded to present her with a handsome dress which they did, presenting it to the lady with many protestations of kind regard. Mrs. Fulton is very much pleased with this expression of good will on the part of the members of Camp No. 447, and says she will always be glad to do all she can for this noble order.

—If you want to see the handsomest and most gentlemanly clerk in Bellefonte call at the Eureka grocery store High St., Bellefonte and inquire for George Marshal.

BELLEFONTE KNIGHT OF GOLDEN EAGLE VISIT THEIR BRETHREN AT SPRING MILLS

The festival by the Knights of the Golden Eagle, of Spring Mills, which had been previously announced in the Republican was held at that place last Saturday. The Knights of Bellefonte had been invited by their brethren of Spring Mills to join with them on this occasion and about forty of them took the train in the afternoon for the festival. When they arrived at Spring Mills they were met by a delegation headed by Independence band of Aaronsburg escorted through the town to the grove; they attracted much attention on the line of march. At the grove they were greeted by their brethren from Millheim and Madisonburg. After a short time for the interchange of greetings and courtesies the audience was called upon to listen to an address of welcome by James C. Noll, Esq., a young lawyer of Bellefonte, and a member of the Bellefonte Castle, which was responded to by James Schofield, Esq. also of Bellefonte a candidate for the legislature and a member of the Castle in this town. These speeches are well spoken of, both gentlemen doing themselves credit. Rev. Simon Aurand, of Madisonburg, then made an excellent address which was followed by an essay by W. T. Tobias, also of Madisonburg, on the principles of the order. Supper was then called at which duty the brethren betook themselves with commendable zeal. Mrs. J A Grenoble, Mrs. George B Crawford, Misses Susie Miller, Lucy Ettinger. Cora Runkle, Maggie Condo, Maggie Allison and Cora Rishel were a committee to attend to this part of the entertainment and see that all were fed to their complete satisfaction, which duty they preformed in the best possible manner. Daniel Ruhl, proprietor of the hotel of that place, also set out a liberal feast which was enjoyed by all who partook. All had a very pleasant time long to be remembered, At seven o'clock it was necessary for the Bellefonte delegation to make preparations to return home. They were escorted to the depot by a large contingent of their brethren headed by the Aaronsburg band. Our boys were highly pleased and say that the Spring Mills brethren entertained them royally.

After they left the entertainment was continued during the evening, many people from that vicinity joining in the sport.

SUICIDE OF CAPTAIN VINCENT.

The Renovo *Record* gives the following account of the death of Captain Robert W. Vincent, a former resident of Clinton Co. and known to many Centre county people:

Captain Vincent traveled for a number of years engaged in selling fruit and ornamental trees. A few years ago his health broke down, when he was admitted to the Soldiers and Sailors Home at Erie, Pa. As soon as his health improved he returned to Marion. His cold and stiffened body was found in the woods near the Marion home. By his side lay the vial of destruction. He had taken chloral, and thus ended his life. He was 60 years of age and unmarried.

LETTER LIST

Following are the letters uncalled for in the post-office, Bellefonte, Pa., Aug. 1, 1892.

L. C. Aiken, John N. Burley, Miss Nan Derrickson, Amos A. Elliott, E. C. Hurley, Thomas Harris, Alice C. Kelley, Essie Martain, Mrs. E. F. Hoof, Mrs. A. F. Shurs.

When called for please say advertised.

J. A. Fiedler, P. M.

—Some say that lighting never strikes twice in the same place and yet Thomas Barne's house on North Centre street, Philipsburg, has been at two separate times visited by the electric fluid, the second time last week when a good portion of the roof was torn off the current then went down the flue to the shop setting some paper on fire on a woak bench. George Parker, the workman, happened at the time to be some distance away so was not affected by the lightning's visit.

—The John Anderson fishing club of Bellefonte composed largely of glass workers formerly employed at our glass works but now at Jeannette, Pittsburg. Evansville, Ind., and other places, but who most of them have their homes here, started last Monday for a camping out at Howard. It has been their custom every summer for years past to have a reunion at Bellefonte. Of course they always have a good time at these summer outings.

—The C. T. A. and B. societies of Clearfield and Centre counties, will hold a reunion and basket picnic in Clearfield on Thursday, August 18th. On the same day the Knights of the Golden Eagle will have a great celebration at Bellefonte at which time there will be a balloon assension and parachute decent. These rival attractions will draw large crowds. Arrangements will be made with the railroad companies for reduced rates.

—A. W. Brungard, District Attorney of Clinton county, who has been charged with a serious crime has resigned his office and T. T. Abrams, a leading lawyer of the Lock Haven bar, has been appointed in his place. We know Mr. Abrams and think there is not the least doubt that he can safely be trusted to go to Williamsport or any other large city.

—It is said that barber Beck is to play at the Phonograph that is to be exhibited at the Y. M. C. A. rooms to-morrow evening and that the audience will be entertained by a repetition of it by the instrument. This ought to be a drawing card, for there will be no finer music given out by the wonderful macine. Music by Gilmore's and U. S. Marine bands will be tame in comparison to the soul stirring strains of Beck's clarione.

PERSONAL PENCILINGS.

George B. Brandon, Jr., is organist at the Presbyterian church

Mr Pete Dotz, of Pittsburg, was visiting Mr. Adam Waite of Bellefonte.

Miss Kate Kelley, of Snow Shoe, spent a few days in Bellefonte, this week.

Miss Lizzie Howard, of Lock Haven, has been visiting at the home of Robert Miller on jail hill.

Mr. J. T. Hartsock, of Buffalo Run, is attending the Normal school at Pleasant Gap kept by the Prof. Fitzel.

John Given, of the Altoona *Gazette*, attended the funeral of his aunt, Miss Mary Ann McBride, in this place last Thursday afternoon.

Miss Emma Johnson, of Altoona, has been spending a few weeks with her parents at Pleasant Gap she returned home week before last.

H. B. Twitmire, principal of the public schools at Greensburg, Pa., has lately visited his mother and sister, Mrs. Samuel Decker, at Zion, this county.

Walter Lembkey, well known in Bellefonte now residing at Washington D. C., made a flying visit to his old home last week. He returned last Saturday.

Mrs Love and Anna Peace, of Bellwood Mrs Edith Buhammer, and too children, of Altoona, are spending a few weeks with Mr and Mrs John Peace, of Roland.

Rev. Nevin Fisher, of Philipsburg, a brother of P. S. Fisher, of Zion, is visiting friends in Centre county. He has charge of the Catholic High school in the Quaker city.

Miss Minnie Bronoel, of Milesburg is off to Michigan on a visit to her sister. She expects to stay one month, Miss Alice Walizer, of Lock Haven, accompanied her.

Capt S. H. Williams, wife and daughter went to Atlantic City last week to spend a season of rest and recreation on the shores of the deep blue sea. We hope they will have a glorious time.

Miss Minnie Saylor, who has been teaching music in Snow Shoe, returned home on Saturday, accompanied by her cousin Miss Millie Kelley, to spend Sunday in Bellefonte with her parents.

Dr. G. H. Hoop, of Philipsburg returned from a trip to Colorado last Saturday. While there he visited the home of William H. Jones and John A. Lindsey, former residents of Philipsburg, and found them prospering.

Miss Cora James, of Philipsburg, is traveling in Europe. She writes letters to the *Journal*, of that place, of the wonders she sees in the old world. Her letters are interesting and must be especially so to her friends at home,

J. C. Giles, of Philipsburg, who is employed on the Beech Creek railroad, had his hip crushed between the bumpers while coupling cars lately. He was taken to the Hospital where he will have to remain for some time.

Harry Hayes and Rothrock Gardner, both of Howard, and both late students of Iron City Commercial College, of Pittsburg, have returned home and are now ready for business in line with the studies they have been pursuing.

Mr. Jack Leuby, and Mr. Andrew Hurley, of Jannette, were visiting at the home of Mr. Lawrence Fusser, the past week on Willow Bank street, they are both energetic men, they state they are having a very pleasent time.

Fred Dunham, the news man and peanut vender, has removed to a new home on the sumit of Bunker Hill into one of the houses owned by John P. Harris. Fred is bound to rise and shine. "Here you are, peanuts only five a poke."

Miss Bella and Crrrie Weaver who as was announced in Republican several weeks ago had gone to Atlantic City to spend a few weeks by old ocean's side returned home last Saturday much invigorated by their contact with the restless busy sea.

—To morrow the Philipsburg ball team will be in Bellefonte to play the home team. This will be one of the best games of the season as both nines will be greatly strengthened for this occasion. The game should be patronized, it would encourage the Bellefonte base ball assocation wonderfully.

—If you want a good Evening,s amusement, go to the opera house this evening and see Lillian Kennedy.

THAT LONG TALKED OF ORGAN

For several years the ladies of the Presbyterian society of Bellefonte have been saving up their spare change to create a fund large enough to buy a pipe organ for the church. They have now secured over twelve hundred dollars for that object, Some of the rich men of the society at the time this enterprise was first started by the ladies promised that when they secured fifteen hundred dollars they would subscribe the ballance of the five thousand dollars required; we have understood that judge A. O. Furst was one of these gentlemen, Whether these gentlemen have signified their readiness to subscribe the money now or not, there was a congregational meeting last Wednesday evening to consider the subject of repairing the church and putting in a pipe organ and it was decided to go ahead and repair the church at once so that the new organ could be placed in the building by the first of January, 1893. We do not understand that the repairs are put on the church alone because the building is out of repair for we do not think it is, but a large pipe organ could not be put in without extensive repair as that kind of a musical instrument, such a one as they should have, takes up considerable room. We are glad this enterprise is at last likely to be successful and we think it will result in great good to the society. To many people Divine service does not seem genuine without a nice large church organ to give the grand old hymns a truly heavenly meaning that is hardly genuine, how much more solemn it seemes.

In the old Cathedral when the lofty organ peals its sacred songs.

We hope this noble work will now be pushed to completion and that the society will place a church organ in the building worthy of this old and wealthy congregation.

Died.—At Aaronsburg, Centre Co., Pa., on Friday, July 15, of Typhoid fever, Mrs. Sarah Sophie Stover, wife of W. H. Stover, aged 65 years, 5 months and 17 days. Mrs. Stover was a daughter of Emanuel and Elizabeth Ettinger and was born at Aaronsburg, Jan 28th, 1827: She was married to W. H. Stover in February 1846, being then nineteen years old. She has been a member of the Lutheran church from her childhood. She leaves a husband, two sons and a daughter to mourn their loss. The funeral was on Tuesday, July 19, Rev A. G. Wolf officiating. A large concourse of friends and relatives followed the remains to their last resting place.

Died—At her residence near Rebersburg, Centre county, Pa., on Monday, July 11, of blood poisoning, Mary Anna Burd, aged 38 years, 1 month and 28 days.

Mrs. Burd was the daughter of John and Sarah Bower, was born near Aaronsburg May 13, 1854. She was united in marriage to B. F. Burd, of Aaronsburg, in 1873. In the spring of 1881 the family removed to a farm near Rebersburg. She died after a short illness. She leaves a husband and three sons. Interment took place at the Lutheran cemetery at Aaronsburg. Rev A. G. Wolf assisted by Rev. Rarick officiated at the funeral.

Died—At Aaronsburg, Wednesday, July 20, 1892, William Shafer aged 77 years and 14 days. He moved to Aaronsburg from Lebanon county, Pa., about 55 years ago. Has been a member of the Evangelical church for over fifty years. He was by trade a plasterer and worked much away from home. He married Leah Stover, a daughter of Henry Stover, in 1841. He leaves a son and daughter. He was burried in the Lutheran cemetery at Aaronsburg on Friday afternoon, July 22.

DUST TO DUST.

Hammond Sechler, Samuel Shaffer, J. G. Heylman, David F. Fortney, Charles F. Cook and J. C. Weaver. acted as pall bearers at the funeral of Miss Mary Ann MacBride last Thursday. Rev William, Laurie, of the Presbytearian church of which the deceased was a member, performed the last sad offices for the dead. Interment was made in Union Cemetaery.

MARRIED.

Morley—Gibson—On the evening of July 1st, at the residence of Mr. Lester, Eleventh street, by Rev, Thomas S. Wilcox, Miss Maud A. Gibson and Fredrick Morley both of Philipsburg.

MARRIED.

Hopkins—Pletcher—At Howard, Pa., July 26, 1892 by Rev N. B. Smith, Mr. Charles E. Hopkins and Miss Carrie M. Pletcher, both of Howard. Pa.

—Mrs. Morris, of Brush Valley, while out for berries lately came across two large rattle snakes which she killed and carried home as trophies.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE